NOVEMBER 10, 1962. VOL. CCLI. No. 3258. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

Champagne
MERCIER
a hallmark of good taste
Champagne Mercier S.A., Epernay, France
U.K: Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd.,
62 Pall Mall, London S.W.1 Tele: WHItehall 1778

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

Fortnums in the evening?
delicious!
Fountain Restaurant is now open until 11.30 p.m. Mon-Fri
Fortnum & Mason
Duke St./Jermyn St. corner

A Duff Gordon Amontillado EL CÍD PRODUCE OF SPAIN Best of Medium Dry Sherries

CHEESECUIT
"The Aristocrat of Cocktail Wafers"
IN TWO SIZES, FROM ALL LEADING STORES
If any difficulty in obtaining supplies write for the name of your nearest stockist to:
CHEESECUIT LTD., 45, HEREFORD ROAD, LONDON, W.2

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS · CEREBOS LTD
Cerebos
Salt of quality

Remember
POPPY DAY
Collectors urgently needed
British Legion · Haig's Fund
70-80 York Way, N.1.
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

PARIPAN
LIMITED
PARIPAN Dryfast ENAMEL * PAREMUL Emulsion PAINT * PARIMAT Steamproof FINISH
EGHAM · SURREY

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/6

THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE WHEN

INDUSTRY GOES

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD

SHELL

INDUSTRIAL FUELS

BP

Firms who come to Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd for fuel oils don't have to carry the can — we are quite happy to do it for them. We will, in fact, make it easy for them to enjoy the well-known advantages of oil — lower labour costs, cleanliness, quick response and perfect control — by providing a Technical Service that is available from initial survey through combustion efficiency testing to staff guidance on maintenance. Which is a sound reason why — when industry goes for oil, industry comes to Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd.

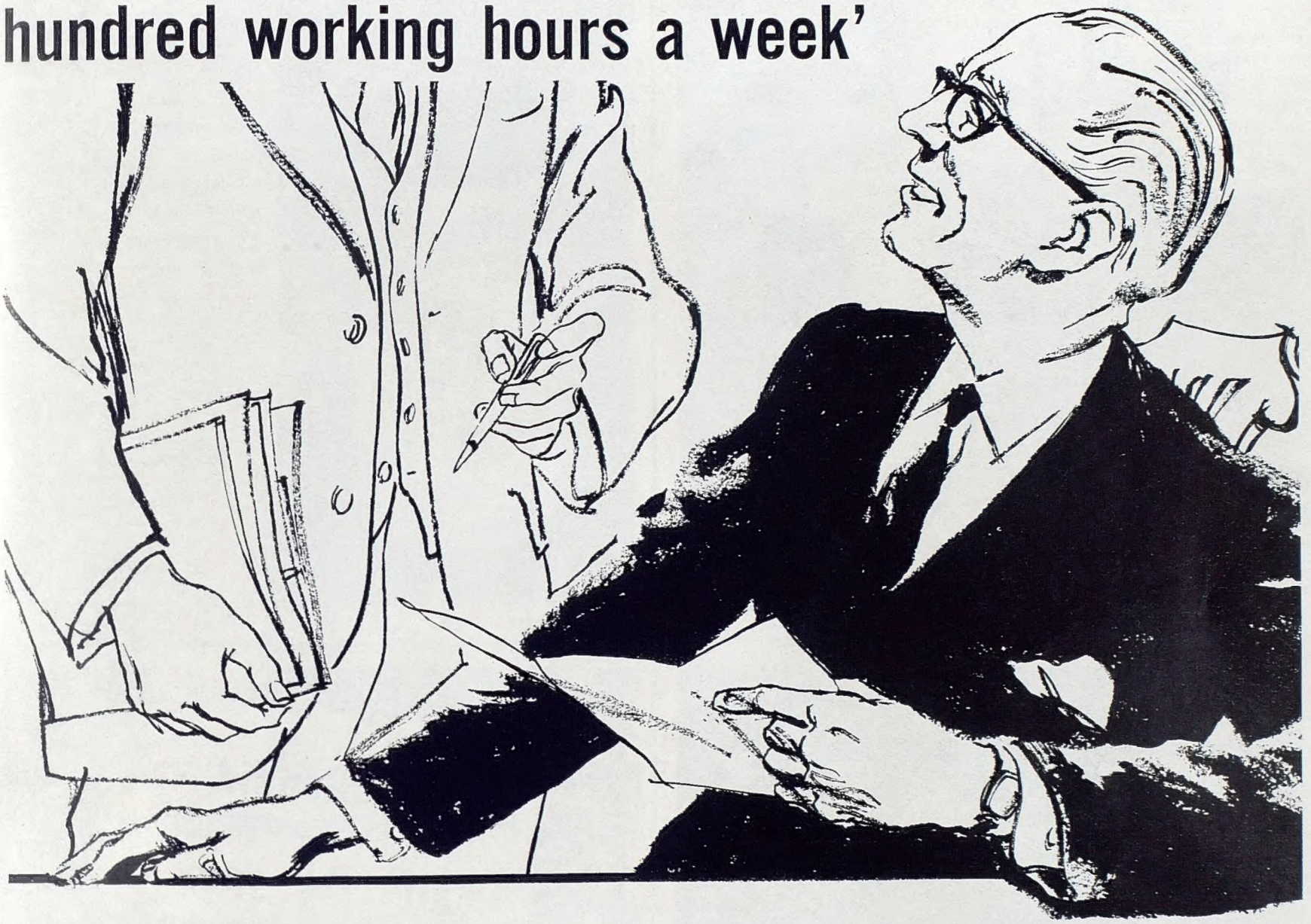
✳

AND INDUSTRY GOES TO SHELL-MEX AND B.P. GASES LTD FOR ITS LIQUEFIED PETROLEUM GASES PROPAGAS PROPANE AND BOTTOGAS BUTANE

5581

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD, INDUSTRIAL FUELS DEPARTMENT, SHELL-MEX HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON WC2 TEMple Bar 1234

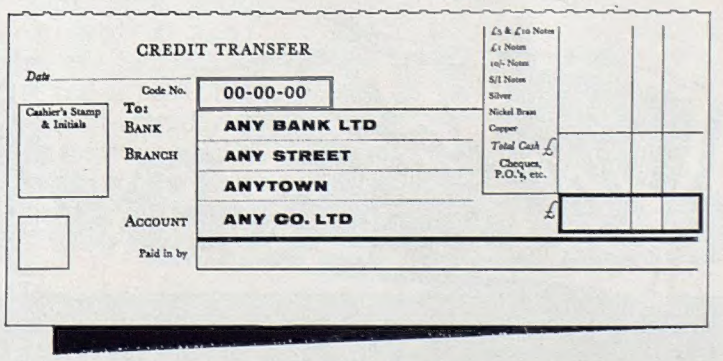
'So CREDIT TRANSFERS have gained us a hundred working hours a week'



This is the kind of economy now being achieved by many companies sending out Credit Transfers with their invoices. Not only is time saved, but Credit Transfers simplify the handling of accounts, eliminate the time-absorbing work of scrutinising, entering and paying in cheques, and enable valuable personnel to be directed to more productive duties. To make use of the Credit Transfer service, you (as the Creditor Company) include with each invoice you send out a Credit Transfer slip bearing, in addition to the name of your company, the name and branch of your bank. The customer completes and lists all the slips he receives, makes out one cheque for the total amount of all the accounts he is paying at any one time, and sends the cheque with the relevant slips to his bank. If the customer does not have a bank account he pays in cash at any branch of any of the banks named below. The money due to you is then transferred to your company's bank account; a complete record is sent by your bank to you; and the operation is over. You have saved time, trouble and money; so has your customer.

Ask your bank about

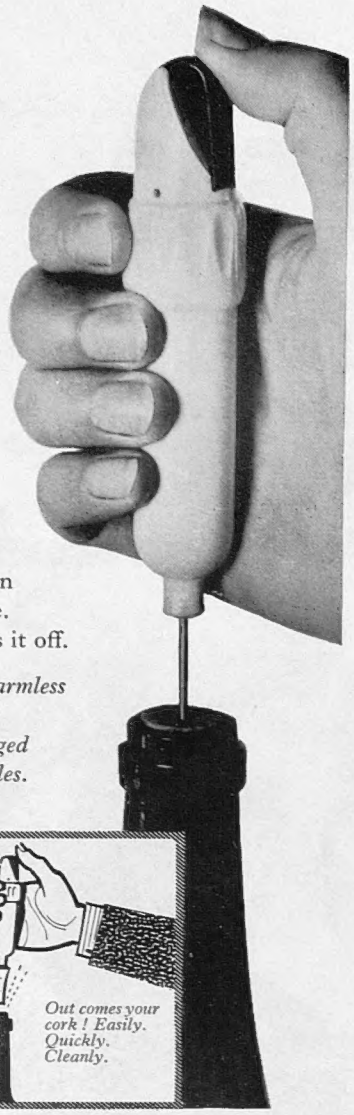
CREDIT TRANSFERS



THE ELEVEN CLEARING BANKS

BARCLAYS BANK · COUTTS & CO. · DISTRICT BANK · GLYN, MILLS & CO. · LLOYDS BANK · MARTINS BANK · MIDLAND BANK
NATIONAL BANK · NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK · WESTMINSTER BANK · WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK

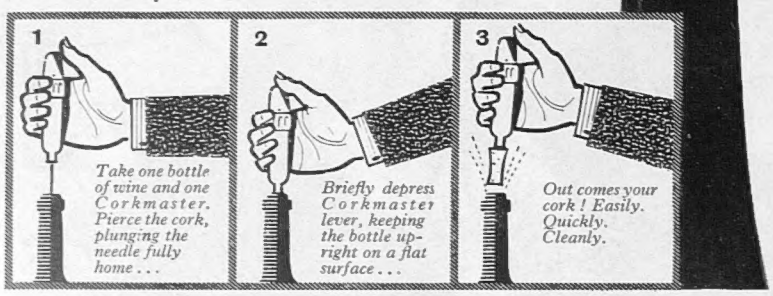
Whatever became of the twist?



Taking the twist out of corkscrews—the new Sparklets Corkmaster. Straight as a die, nippy as a needle. No tugging, no twisting, no tell-tale pieces of cork floating on your wine. The Corkmaster supplies all its own energy. It's fast, efficient and a pleasure to use. You'll know the man who owns one: he shows it off.

Through the hollow needle a small quantity of harmless CO_2 is injected through the cork: it has no effect whatsoever on the wine. The Corkmaster is charged with a sparklets bulb—each opens dozens of bottles.

It costs 36/9.



*Sparklets Corkmaster REGD

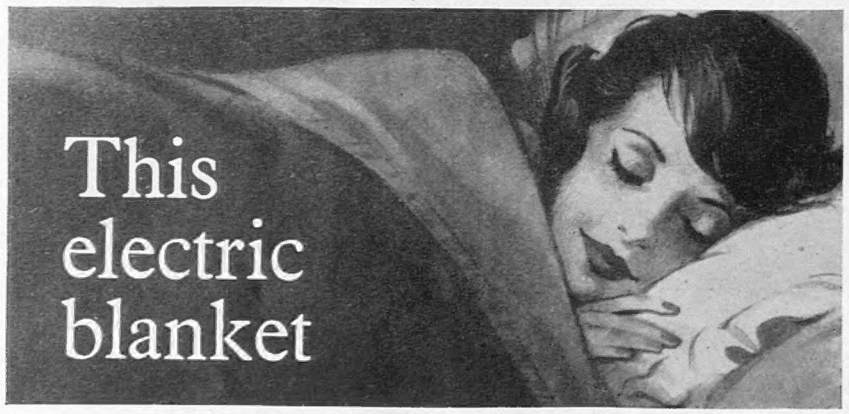
THE BRITISH OXYGEN CO. LTD., QUEEN STREET, LONDON, N.17.

"The Antiquary"

De luxe
Old Scotch Whisky

No other Old Scotch Whisky excels The "Antiquary" for maturity, mellowness and subtle flavour. Would that there were more of it.

J. & M. Hardie LIMITED.
EDINBURGH



This electric blanket

keeps you warm all night

Have it on for as long as you like, even when you're in bed—and be perfectly safe! You see, it's a safe low voltage blanket made by Windak, who don't make any other kind; they know that a low voltage blanket is the safest of all*. And it has 3 different heats, it covers the whole mattress and stays put all winter. For warmth when you need it, you can't beat Windak.

Windak

safe low voltage

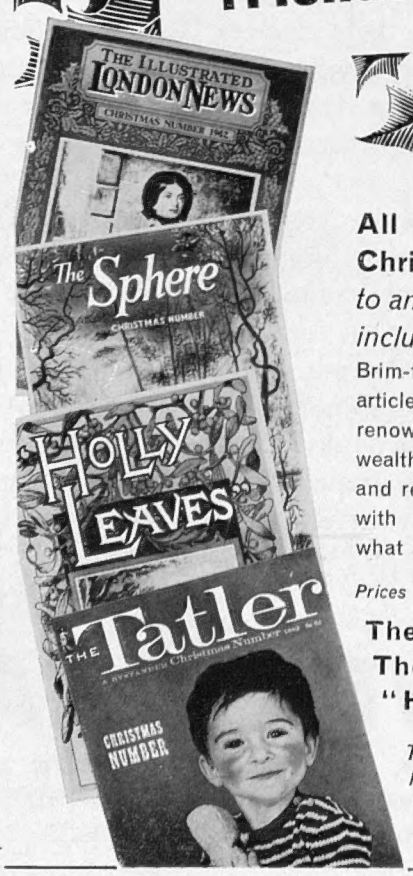
electric blanket with transformer

**Write today for free booklet on safety aspects of electric blankets and full details of Windak to:*

Dept. G2. WINDAK LTD. WOODSIDE POYNTON CHESHIRE

KG

A splendid out-of-the-ordinary gift for your friends overseas



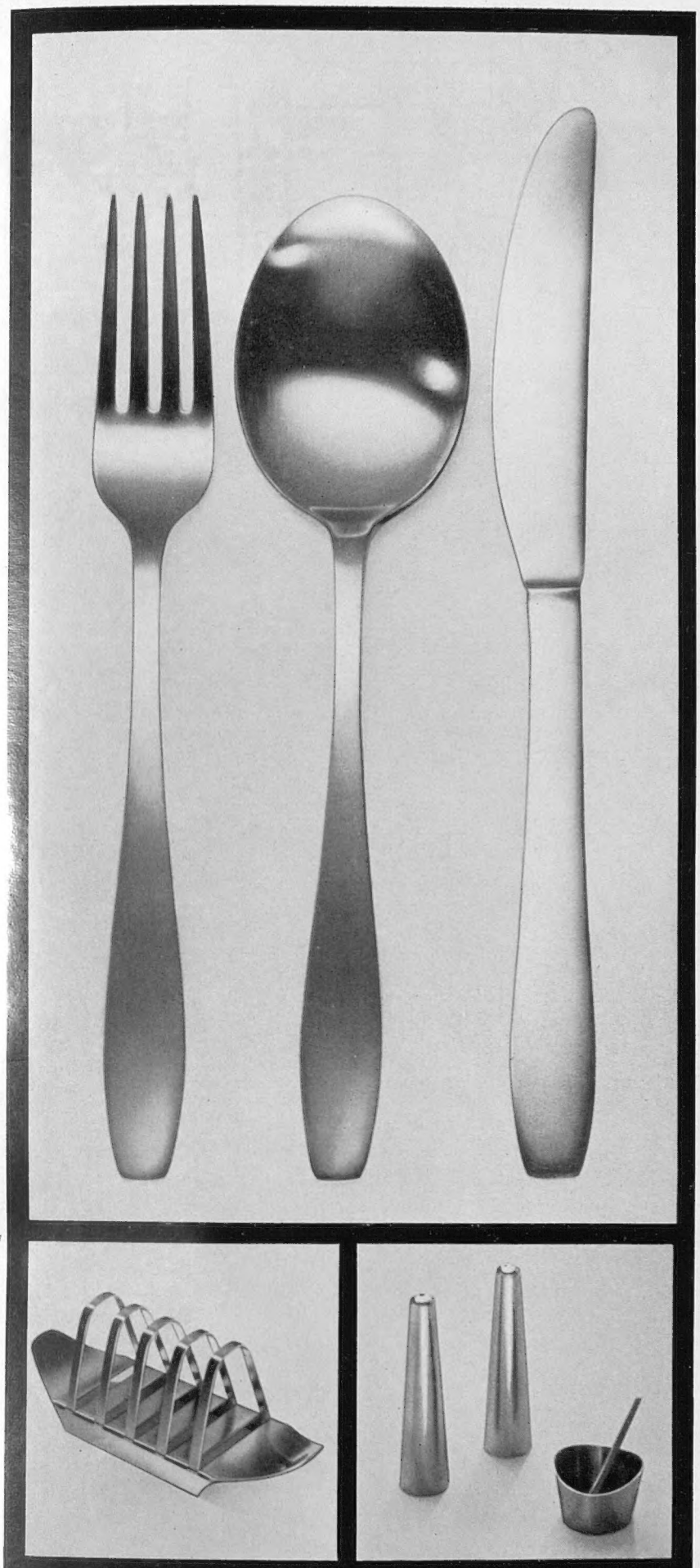
All four of these magnificent Christmas Numbers *can be sent to any address in the world for only 21/- including postage.*

Brim-full with superb colour plates, seasonal articles and unusual short stories, these world-renowned Christmas Numbers will provide a wealth of Christmas enjoyment for your friends and relatives overseas. A Greeting card is sent with every copy dispatched on yovr behalf—what a splendid way to say "Happy Christmas."

Prices including postage to any address in the world

The Illustrated London News 5/8
The Tatler 4/- The Sphere 5/8
"Holly Leaves" 5/8

To catch overseas Christmas mails you should place your orders NOW with your usual news-agent or send instructions to the Publisher, Ingram House, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, together with your remittance.

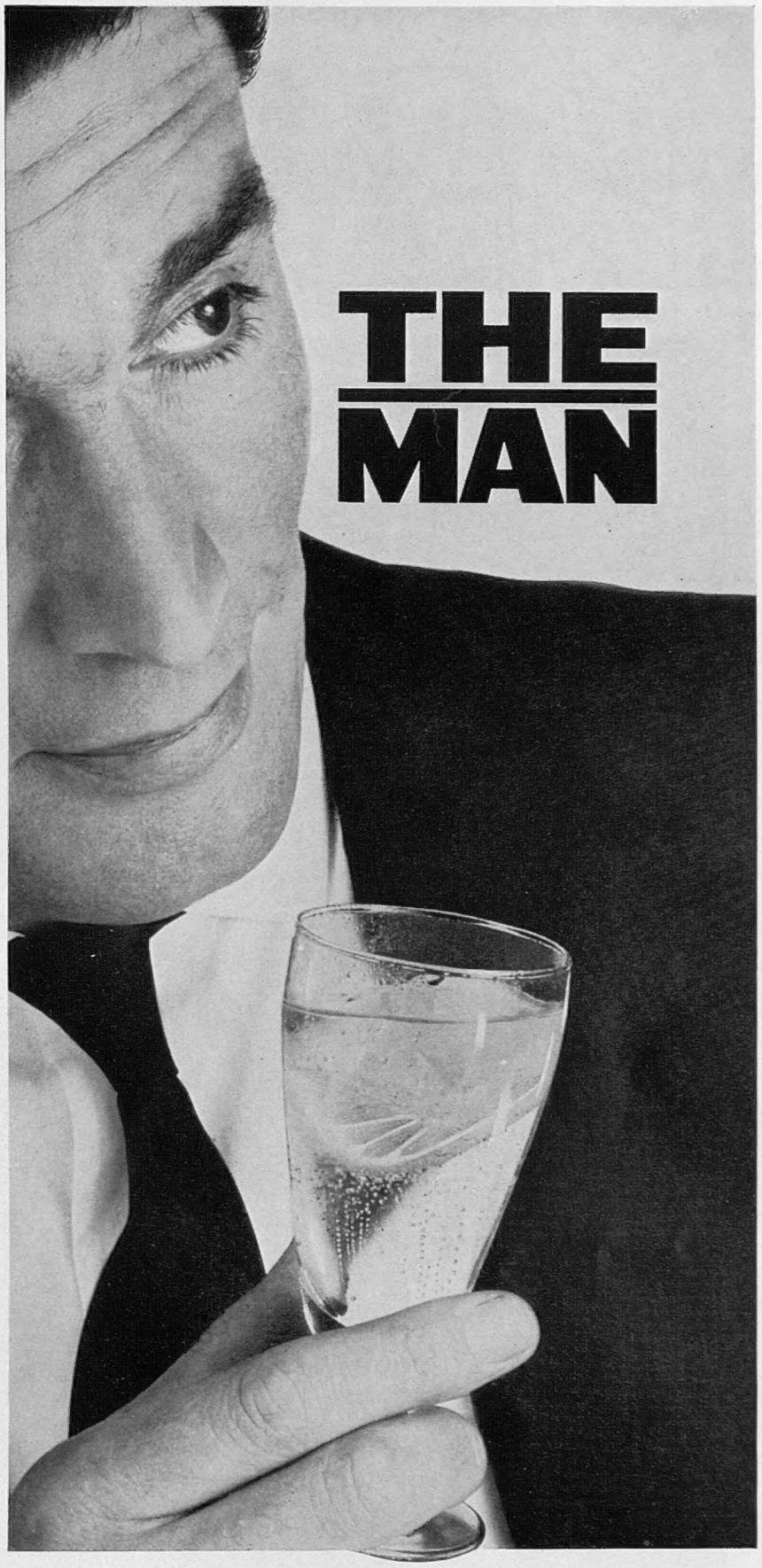


Here is stainless steel in all that superb modern elegance that only craftsmanship can impart . . . in the soft lustrous satin which delights connoisseurs—and hostesses. It is designed by Robert Welch, Des. R.C.A., F.S.I.A. Old Hall Modern Tableware includes a whole range of tea services, toast racks, dishes—in fact, everything for the modern table.

Old Hall *For an illustrated folder and the name of your nearest stockist write to:—*

J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.,

33 OLD HALL WORKS, BLOXWICH, STAFFS.



WHO KNOWS WHAT HE LIKES . . . WHO GETS WHAT HE LIKES . . . ALWAYS ASKS FOR GORDON'S BY NAME

gin is Gordon's

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GIN DISTILLERS
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO LTD

MADE FROM 100% GRAIN SPIRIT

MITCHELL CONSTRUCTION

BUILDING AND CIVIL ENGINEERING CONTRACTORS

THE MITCHELL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LTD

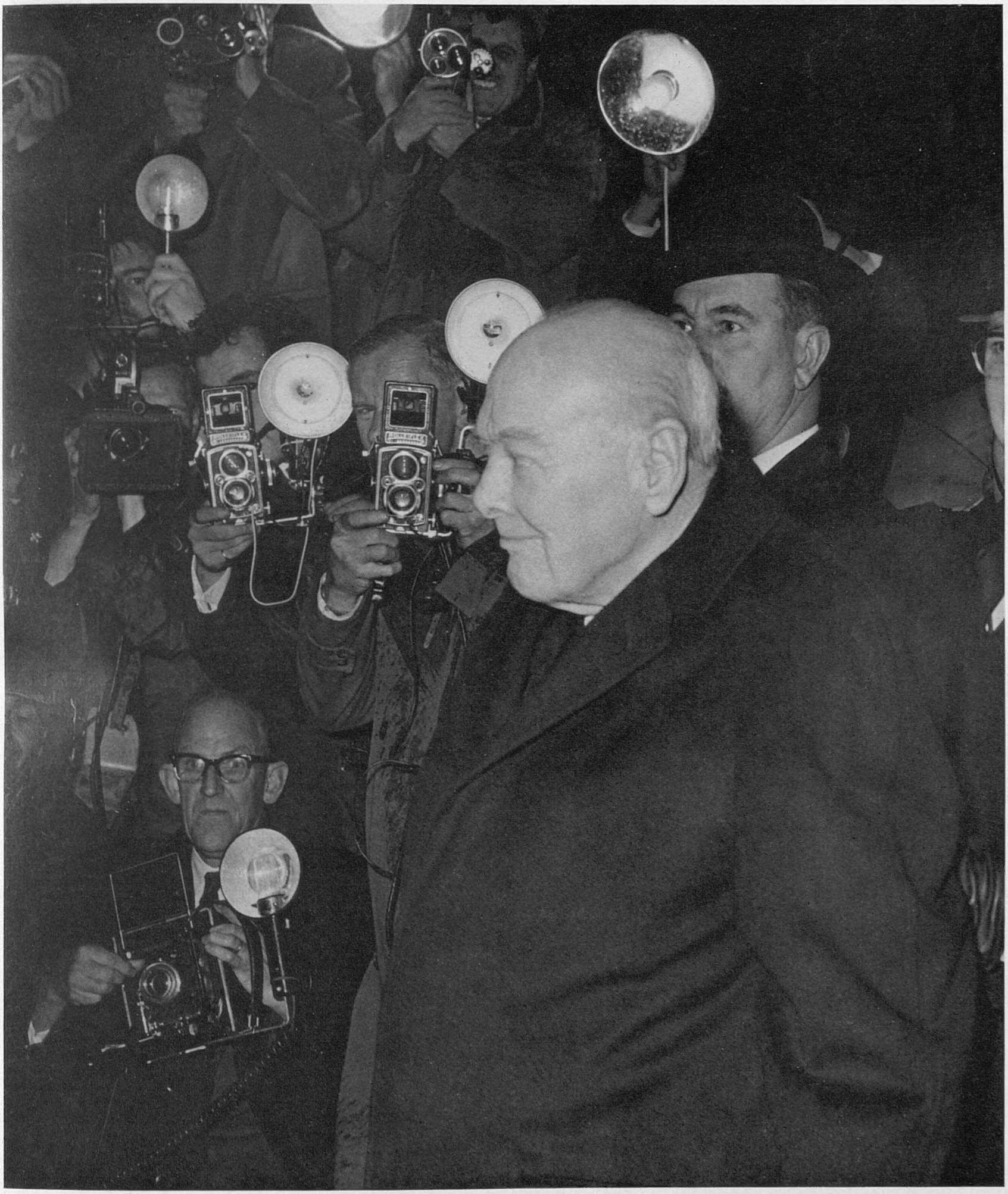
WHARF WORKS · PETERBOROUGH

Volume CCLI No. 3258 LONDON, November 10, 1962

THE SPHERE

© 1962. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*



Postage: Inland, 4½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

Sir Winston Churchill is the focus of a battery of cameras as he arrives at the Savoy Hotel in London for a dinner of the Other Club. It was his first outing since he broke his thigh last June in Monte Carlo. Sir Winston will be 88 on November 30. The Other Club was founded by Sir Winston and F. E. Smith (later the 1st Lord Birkenhead) in 1911 as a breakaway from the Club, the political dining club of the time. Other Club members usually dine together once a month when the Houses of Parliament are sitting

OUT TO DINNER

NEWS SUMMARY

Lively start to new session at Westminster; another challenge to de Gaulle; U.S. move on nuclear tests; conundrums in Yemen; elections in two African countries

GREAT BRITAIN

Parliament reassembled at **Westminster** last week. Home affairs which occupied the first days included the first reading of the Offices, Shops and Railway Premises Bill, designed to improve conditions in offices and shops; and the crisis over slums and obsolescent housing. Sir Keith Joseph, Housing Minister, promised a vastly increased programme of clearance and rebuilding, without giving specific proposals. The Opposition mounted a strong attack on the Government over security in the Admiralty, following the conviction of John William Christopher Vassall for spying. This week opened with the Opposition censuring the Government for "industrial stagnation and heavy and growing unemployment." Next came a debate on the Common Market.

Outside Parliament industrial relations were still much in the news. The National Union of Railwaymen last Sunday held a mass rally in Trafalgar Square, **London,** opposing "indiscriminate closures and curtailment of services." On the following day, talks between the Unions and the B.T.C. were resumed for higher pay for 450,000 operatives and clerical staff. Further disputes were forecast this week at Ford's plant at **Dagenham,** as the company took back men after the nine-day strike. It was expected that some of the men would not be re-employed: the Unions concerned were to meet the management to protest.

In the first two months—July and August—of the operation of the Commonwealth Immigrants Act, 1,596 more Commonwealth citizens left the U.K. than were admitted. There was a net increase of 1,815 from the Caribbean, but they were mainly women and children joining men already in the U.K.

Veiled women queue outside a polling station in Dar es Salaam to vote in Tanganyika's Presidential election

FRANCE

It took four days before President de Gaulle finally said himself that he would stay in office after the referendum in which 62 per cent. of the voters (46 per cent. of the electorate) approved a proposal for direct election of future Presidents by popular vote. Later a ruling on the legality of the referendum was requested from the Constitutional Council by M. Monnerville, who as President of the Senate was one of the four people who could make such a request. The Council was due to meet on Tuesday of this week.

WEST GERMANY

Efforts were being made in **Bonn** at the start of this week to save Dr. Adenauer's coalition Government from breaking up because of the breach between the Federal Chancellor and the Free Democrat ministers in his cabinet. The crisis was caused by the *Der Spiegel* affair. On October 26, Herr Augstein, the news magazine's editor, was arrested on charges of alleged treason in publishing an article about the recent Nato exercise Fallex 2. In the ensuing days four other members of the staff were held by the police. According to *Der Spiegel's* article, the exercise had revealed serious deficiencies in the West German forces. The dispute between Dr. Adenauer and the Free Democrats arose because Herr Stamberger, the Free Democrat Minister of Justice, was not informed that proceedings were to be taken against the magazine. He and his party colleagues in the Government threatened to resign unless action was taken against those responsible for keeping him in the dark about the arrests. They had given Dr. Adenauer until last Monday to meet their demands for satisfaction.

UNITED STATES

In **Washington**, President Kennedy announced last Sunday that the U.S. had ended its atmospheric nuclear tests in the Pacific, with a successful high-altitude explosion over Johnston Island, but that underground tests would continue in Nevada. (To that date the U.S. in the current series exploded 36 nuclear devices in the atmosphere in the Pacific and 56 in Nevada.) The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission announced at the same time that Russia had exploded 31 devices in its current series. Recent exchanges between President Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev suggested that both countries might make a fresh effort to achieve a nuclear test ban.

Although overshadowed by the Cuban crisis, the American mid-term elections were some of the most strenuous ever fought. The electorate went to the polls last Tuesday.

MIDDLE EAST

Reports regarding the situation in Yemen over the weekend did little to clarify the highly confused situation there. In **Sanaa** Brigadier Sallal, President of the Yemeni Republic, spoke of Saudi Arabian "intervention" in an attempt to restore the Imamate. It was believed Yemeni Republican forces, supported by Egyptians, had crossed the northern border and clashed with Saudi Arabian troops. In Jordan Wasfi Tal, the Prime Minister, said any aggression against Saudi Arabia would be regarded as aggression against Jordan. The fate of the deposed Imam el Badr remained a mystery. Although the Republican régime maintained he had been killed in the revolution of last September, sources in Jordan and Saudi Arabia claimed he was still alive.

AFRICA

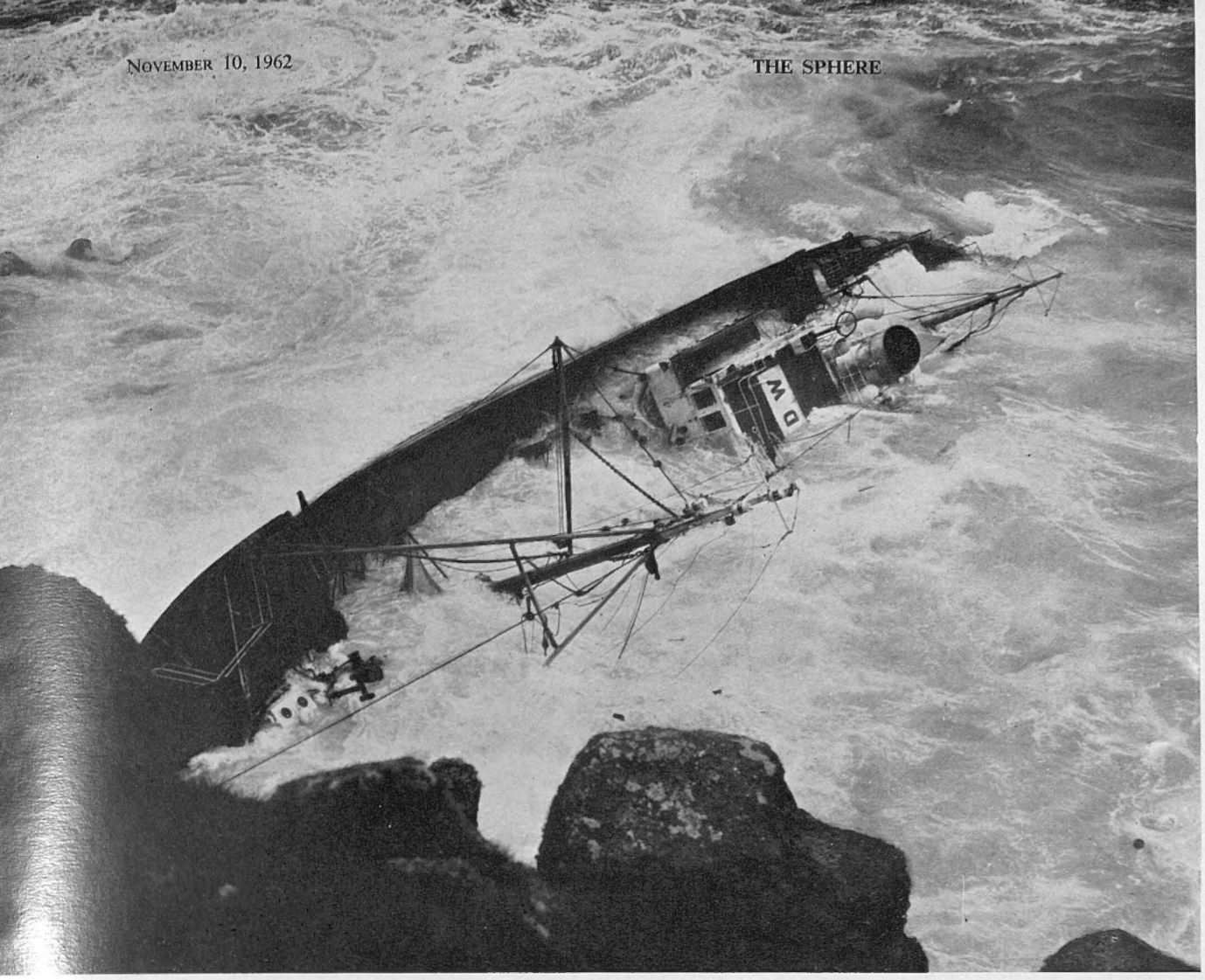
The Anglican Bishop of **Accra**, the Right Rev. Richard Roseveare, who was expelled from Ghana in August, was given permission to return. He said this permission had been granted following correspondence between himself and President Nkrumah, and that he was overjoyed to be returning to Ghana, with whose aspirations he was in complete sympathy. The Bishop had been deported after criticising Ghanas Young Pioneers.

The result of the elections in Northern Rhodesia, as many had anticipated, were inconclusive. Sir Roy Welensky's UFP gained 15 seats, Mr. Kaunda's Unip won 14, and Mr. Nkumbula's ANC had five. The requisite percentage of votes from both races did not obtain in ten of the fifteen "National" seats. It was announced in **Lusaka** that a Caretaker Government of officials would rule until by-elections for these seats in December. The ANC was being wooed by both the other parties in the hope of forming a coalition,

Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Premier, returned to **Salisbury** this week from the United Nations in New York, where he had addressed the trusteeship committee of the General Assembly. While he was there the committee adopted a resolution calling on the British Government to secure a new Constitution for Southern Rhodesia giving more representation to the African majority.

Results of the Presidential elections in Tanganyika were still coming into **Dar es Salaam**, but it seemed a foregone conclusion that Dr. Julius Nyerere would be elected as the first President. Dr. Nyerere was the country's first Prime Minister after independence in 1961, but he resigned last January. Tanganyika becomes a Republic on December 9.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A FRENCH TRAWLER ON THE ROCKS AT LAND'S END—SCENE OF A DRAMATIC RESCUE

Foaming waves sweep over the 273-ton French trawler *Jeanne Gougy* as she lies on her side on the rocks at Land's End in Cornwall. The vessel was blown onto the coast in a severe gale last weekend. At first it was believed that all the crew of 14 had been lost; hope was abandoned as heavy seas swept the boat from end to end during the high tide. But as the tide receded a movement was noticed in the wheelhouse, and a spectacular rescue operation was staged in which six survivors were rescued with the assistance of a Royal Air Force helicopter. One man was in the wheelhouse, a cabin-boy was in a passageway behind the bridge, and four men had been standing for hours in compartments in the forepeak with water up to their chests

A ROAD CRASH AT BEXLEY

Far left: A grim pile of twisted wreckage after an accident on Rochester Way, Bexley, in Kent. The accident occurred when a car collided with an articulated lorry carrying a cement mixer. Two men and a child in the car were killed instantly; the driver of the lorry died later in hospital

PLANES COLLIDE OVER READING

Firemen at work on the burning remains of a Beagle light aircraft in which two men and a girl were killed after being in a mid-air collision over Reading with a Royal Air Force Chipmunk. Two men in the Chipmunk were also killed. The Beagle Terrier was one belonging to the Airways Aero Club, a flying club for employees of B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. It was on a flight from White Waltham in Berkshire

BRIGHTON WELCOMES THE VETERAN CARS

A crowd on the front at Brighton welcomes some of the contestants in the annual London to Brighton commemorative run for veteran cars. The car on the left, is a 1903 De Dion Bouton with Mr. R. G. Forster at the wheel; behind it is a 1903 Darracq, being driven by Mr. B. Thorpe. First to arrive was a 61-year-old 8-h.p. Progress, driven by Mr. M. Davenport of Macclesfield. It was his twelfth Brighton run, and was completed only with the aid of insulating tape to patch his radiator. The oldest car in the run was an 1896 Arnold, driven by Captain Edward de Colver. This was the only car competing which had been in the original Emancipation Day drive in 1896

CHIANG KAI-SHEK AND HIS WIFE

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese Nationalist President of Formosa, holds hands with his wife at ceremonies commemorating Nationalist Day in Formosa. The Generalissimo celebrated his 75th birthday on October 31. **Far right:** Paratroopers float down towards the fields of Southern Formosa during a joint U.S.-Nationalist China airborne exercise. Lasting nine days, this was held in mid-October. By last week Formosa had once again become one of the world crisis points, as China moved against India, and there was speculation that the Chinese Communists might also be planning a move against Formosa

LAST OF THE MOSQUITOS

One of the last De Havilland Mosquitos of No. 3 Civilian Anti-Aircraft Co-operation Unit, based at Exeter, for target towing. It has been announced the Mosquitos of the unit, the last of these famous aircraft still in service, are to be withdrawn. Although first designed by De Havillands as a fast light bomber, the Mosquito became one of the most versatile and effective of the fighting aircraft of the Second World War

LARGE-SCALE AIRBORNE EXERCISE OVER FORMOSA

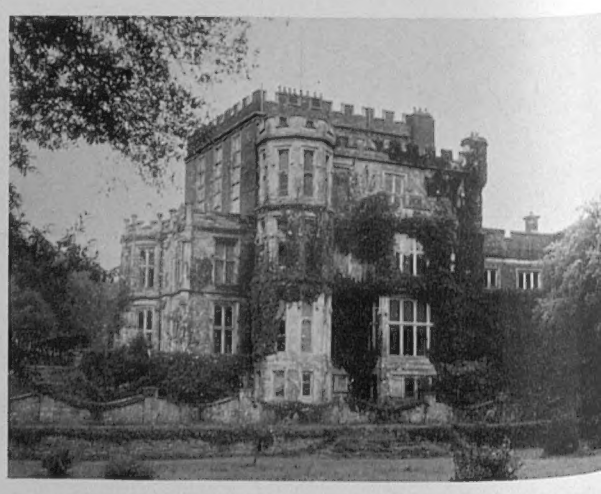
TRIDENT AIRLINERS AT HATFIELD DURING THE INTENSIVE FLIGHT TEST PROGRAMME

Two of the latest of De Havilland aircraft, the Trident rear-mounted, twin-jet airliner, stand outside the flight hangar of the company's airfield at Hatfield. Three of these advanced airliners are now undergoing an intensive flight testing programme and will be joined by a fourth next month. One of them is due to go to Khartoum shortly for tropical trials. Tridents have been ordered by BEA and are due in service by the end of next year

Below right: At a reception given in London, Shaikh Khalifa bin Sulman Al-Khalifa, of Bahrain, receives Sir Tufton Beamish, M.P., and Lady Beamish. The Shaikh, who is a brother of the Ruler of Bahrain, is the state's President of Finance. His visit to London was mainly private

BAHRAINI FINANCE PRESIDENT IN LONDON

Far right: Brownsea Castle on Brownsea Island, in Poole Harbour, Dorset, now in the keeping of the National Trust. Owned for thirty years by Mrs. Bonham Christie, the island passed to the Treasury as death duties. Having recently signed the lease, the National Trust is now putting the island into shape to receive visitors next year. The castle will probably be let to the John Lewis Partnership who will utilise it as a rest home for their staff



THE NATIONAL TRUST TAKES OVER BROWNSEA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

One of the chain of radar stations, built by the U.S., amid the snows of Greenland, is seen from below the wing of an aircraft. The chain maintains a ceaseless watch on the skies of the northern hemisphere. Inside the base, the technicians manning the station, live in lonely luxury. Everything from fresh fruit to the latest newspapers is flown in to compensate for the isolation of the site. The base is mounted on eight expanding metal legs to keep it a constant 30 feet above the snow level. A Danish-American agreement on the defence of Greenland was signed in 1951

RADAR SURVEILLANCE OF THE SKIES OVER GREENLAND

Below right: An East German soldier plasters a new blockhouse close to the Wall in Berlin. It is one of a large number of new points of vantage and towers now being erected for keeping a closer watch on the wall

STRENGTHENING THE WATCH ON THE WALL

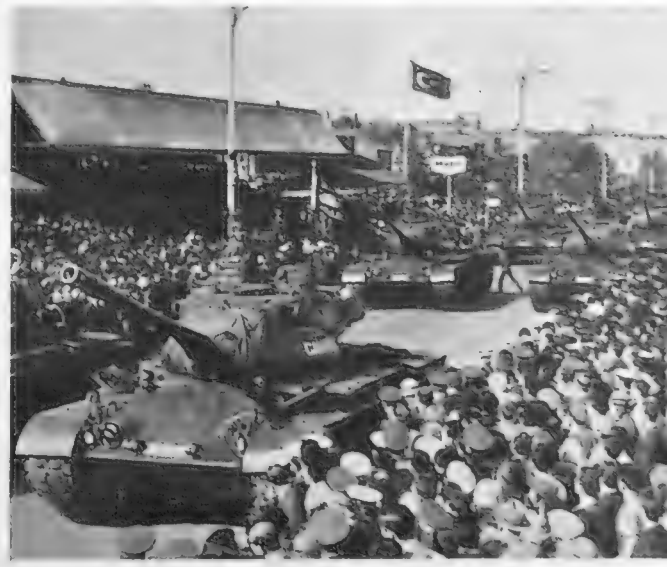
Far right: Herr Willy Brandt, the Mayor of Western Berlin, speaks at the opening of the Berlin Exhibition in London. It can be seen until the middle of the month and has been organised by the British Atlantic Committee to drive home the great contrast between life in the Western Sectors and in the Eastern Sectors of the German city. Herr Brandt declared West Berlin had never doubted the Allied guarantees. Sitting next to him is Lord Dundee, Minister of State, Foreign Office. In declaring the exhibition open Lord Dundee spoke of the wall as a "most abominable example of inhumanity"

BERLIN IN LONDON

Below right: The Greek Royal Guards, wearing their traditional dress, parade through the streets of Salonika on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the town's liberation from Turkish rule. The parade was attended by the Greek Royal Family, the Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, and other ministers

SALONIKA'S FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM

Far right: Tanks parade through the centre of Istanbul as part of the celebrations for the 39th anniversary of the founding of the Turkish Republic by Kemal Atatürk. During last week Greece and Turkey were in the news—Greece, because its association with the European Economic Community came into force, and Turkey because of the renewed controversy on the presence of American missile bases on Turkish soil aroused by the Cuban crisis. Mr. Feridun Erkin, the Turkish Foreign Minister, said that there was no question of dismantling the U.S. bases unless the Soviet Union gave a guarantee that missile bases in Warsaw Pact countries would also be removed



A MILITARY PARADE ON REPUBLIC DAY IN ISTANBUL

In New Delhi, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya, during his State Visit to India, sits and talks with Dr. Zakir, the Indian Vice-President. In the background in deep conversation are the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, and Dr. Radhakrishnan, the Indian President

Indian troops move on patrol in the area near Pangong Lake in La

In Havana, Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, shakes hands with U Thant, the U.N. Acting Secretary-General

CRISES—EAST AND WEST

The Indian borders and Cuba continued to occupy the world's attention throughout last week. In Delhi Mr. Nehru rejected Mr. Khrushchev's suggestion for an immediate cease-fire in the frontier fighting. The Indian Prime Minister continued to hold the view that there could be no armistice or negotiations until the Chinese had withdrawn from the territories they had occupied. Having taken over the office of Defence Minister from Mr. Krishna Menon, who was made Minister of Defence Production, Mr. Nehru formed a National Defence Council to advise him on defence matters. Support for India was being given by numerous countries, and among those sending arms were Great Britain and the U.S.A. In the frontier fighting, Ladakh, on the North West border, seemed to be the most active theatre. Pekin reported " serious provocation " with heavy shelling by Indian troops in the region of Pangong Lake. On the North East frontier Indian forces claimed to have thrown back Chinese troops at Walong, near the Burma border.

Negotiations, public and secret, were the key theme in the Cuban crisis. Communist China found time to send messages to Dr. Castro, promising support " against our common enemy, U.S. imperialism." But the main threat to U.S.-Soviet agreement over Cuba appeared to be the Cuban Premier himself. He fervently reiterated that the U.S. Naval Base in Cuba, Guantanamo Bay, should be handed over to the Cubans and refused to allow U.N. inspection of the dismantling of the missile bases. U Thant, the U.N. Acting Secretary-General, went to Cuba for talks with Dr. Castro. He returned to New York last weekend saying the outlook appeared good but without agreement on the question of inspection. Meanwhile, the U.S. resumed their naval quarantine and kept up aerial reconnaissance. Mr. Khrushchev sent Mr. Mikoyan to Cuba for talks with Dr. Castro. Last Sunday, the Soviet Deputy Premier, who is generally regarded as No. 2 to Khrushchev, decided to stay on this week for further talks, and not return to the Soviet Union for the funeral of his wife, who had died after a long illness.

...munist Chinese forces were attacking strongly last week

Mr. Krishna Menon at a public meeting at Tezpur

Mrs. Indira Gandhi hands over jewellery to help India's war effort

On his way to Cuba, Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Premier, is with Mr. Dobrynin (right), Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., at Idlewild Airport, New York

Mr. Stevenson enters the U.N. Building in New York for renewed talks on Cuba

JOHN CONNELL

ACROSS THE WATERSHED

In the last paragraph of my article last week I quoted certain remarks of George Canning, and added the hope that, if and when the Cuban crisis had passed, it would be said that the prevention of war was due to strength and courage rightly used at the right time.

Strength and courage were rightly used at the right time, and thermo-nuclear war prevented. In the immediate aftermath of the crisis, early last week, the relief and the rejoicing were manifest and abundant. For myself, I am glad that I have been away from London since October 25, and have been able to follow events with that degree of detachment that absence from the centre confers. Driving an ageing and slightly moody, increasingly imperious motor about the roads of Northern England and the Tweed valley demands a concentration of interest which gives little time for anxiety for the ephemera of the international situation. It does, however, give a chance for meditation on that situation's fundamental, unchanging, and perhaps rather bleak realities.

I am now in my own country, whence my forebears came, where I myself spent my boyhood. The window at which I sit writing looks due north, across a green stretch of lawn, some brave but wind-tossed chrysanthemums, a low pink-grey wall, a belt of sand-dunes (the links of one of R. L. Stevenson's finest stories), to the Firth of Forth and the Fife hills beyond. The wind is from the north-west, the waves are scudding high and white-crested, and storm and sunshine succeed each other swiftly. The clouds maul across the sky, like great grey armies on the move, swirling their small arms' rattle of rain and sleet across the window-pane as they pass.

Mr. Kuznetsov, a Soviet Deputy Premier, arrives at U.N., New York, for talks on Cuba

When I began to write the far hills stood out clear against a duck-egg sky, as innocent and as profound as a baby's stare. Within five minutes a fierce squall blew up. The little stunted trees beyond the garden's eastern wall bowed and hissed under the gale, like Japanese admirals in surrender, and the gulls swooped irascibly to cover. Then the strength of the shower diminished, half a rainbow nobly irradiated the northern sky, the white-caps on the sea settled down as quickly as they had spumed up, and now here is sunlight and there are great, clear stretches of blue sky to the north-west.

The symbolism may seem obvious; but to me it is very real; and its effect is not lessoned by reason of the fact that—except for one of Dr. Beeching's doomed locomotives puffing eastwards along the Fife coast—there is no evidence of any human presence in my whole range of vision. After all to most of us outside the immediate circles of power and responsibility in Washington or in Moscow, during the past ten days or so the onrush of events and decisions had the quality of phenomena which are outside normal human control. We were as powerless to halt the wind that seemed likely to sweep across the world, shift its direction, or brake its impetus as, in the squall that I have just watched, were the gulls which are now preening themselves arrogantly on the lawn and giving the worms a devil of a beating-up, or the chrysanthemums which are now smiling gaily in the sun's beneficence. It is far from agreeable to have to make this admission: but it is, I think, fairly salutary.

It is essential simultaneously, however, to insist that the tense and perilous crisis through which we passed in the last week in October was not due, either in its course or its outcome, to super-human agencies. A whole complex array of human factors were involved from the outset: cunning, ambition, the capacity to judge (or misjudge) other men's characters, intelligence, courage, and—most valuable as well as most imponderable of all—statecraft. If power, so fundamental, so searching, and ultimately so decisive for good or ill, has to reside in one nation and in one man, it is now demonstrated beyond argument that it is as well that that nation is the United States, and that man the President of the United States. Which is not, of course, to say that there has not been, and will not be, a great deal of argument—not about the felicitous conclusion of the Cuban crisis, but about its course and conduct.

In his brilliantly perceptive account of the Congress of Vienna Sir Harold Nicolson wrote: " Now that the common danger was over, now that they were no longer united by fear, the British public returned with delightful gusto to their accustomed pastime of party recrimination. It was galling, nay it was intolerable, for the Opposition to admit that it was a Tory Government which—through years of effort, enterprise and inventiveness—had achieved overwhelming victory ; they sought by every means in their power to belittle past achievement, to discredit present policy and to sow distrust of future intentions." Such a pattern of behaviour is habitual not merely to the British Opposition (whatever party label it bears) but to all politically minded persons, of all races and at all times. Once the immediate peril is passed, the recrimination and the fault-finding begin, and with them—in the twentieth century—the corrosive but (apparently) the intellectually and emotionally satisfying game of allocating blame all round.

All the captious and sophisticated " explanations " only served to emphasise the importance of the basic issue: this was *not* a crisis caused by the existence of nuclear and thermo-nuclear weapons, it was not a crisis of electronic computers working inexorably to humanity's destruction; it was not a crisis of the mobilisation of huge forces that could not be stopped; it was not even a crisis of war-lusting, " press-the-button " generals or air marshals seizing power. It *was*, reduced to its simplest terms, a crisis of the conflict between two philosophies, two ways of life, embodied in the leaders, the power-holders and decision-makers of two different societies.

The United States, it is clear, has the bigger, better, more efficient armoury of thermo-nuclear weapons. And of the two K's, Mr. Kennedy, it is equally clear, has the steadier nerve, the greater courage and presight and the sounder sense of statecraft. The Soviet Union, at present, lacks a fleet of Polaris-carrying submarines, and this lack was by no means an insignificant factor in the course that the crisis took. But far more important is the fact that Chairman Khrushchev—as the American representatives at the United Nations always describe him with a meticulous courtesy—having employed deceit, fraud, calculation and bluster almost to the limit, knew where and how to withdraw without going over the brink and taking the Soviet Union (and large parts of the civilised world) with him down the precipice. It was, however, " a damned near thing," as the Duke of Wellington once observed.

Certain interesting conclusions emerge. It is futile to pretend to ourselves that, the Cuban crisis is over, the Western alliance can dismantle its defences, nuclear or conventional, or that the Communist powers have sustained a defeat from which in their eyes—and it is in their eyes that it matters—they cannot recover. If there were any logic, any intellectual honesty even, in their thinking, this is the moment at which the supporters of unilateral (i.e. Western) nuclear disarmament ought to walk quietly and soberly through the streets of the cities which, of late, they have so troubled, wearing white shifts of contrition, confessing and repenting of their manifold and gross errors, but that, I know well enough, is not the way in which their sad and stubborn minds work. However, strength—including overwhelming thermo-nuclear strength—in the right hands, which is to say quite without equivocation American hands, has now been proved to have saved the world from the insidious and terrible corruption of one appeasement after another of Communist ambitions and aspirations.

Ironically enough it is the logic, not of intellectual processes but of rough and stern events, that has made this effective demonstration over Cuba and if Fidel Castro, that beatnik buccaneer, is the discarded pawn, he will be no loss to the Western world, and small loss to the Communists. We have to recognise, however, that we have passed a watershed of considerable importance. It is a watershed between the obscuration and the recognition of a major task in politics. It is not the watershed between war and peace.

Communism has not surrendered any of its ambitions or aspirations. More than two thousand Indian casualties in the border fighting from Ladakh to the north-eastern tip of Assam show—grimly enough, by the deep and lasting commitment of the most neutral of the neutralists—how vain an illusion it would be to think that we are over that hill or through that storm.

A Pilatus Porter flies above a fire raging through the forests on the Rigi, a famous mountain in central Switzerland. The Swiss-built general utility aircraft made six flights under dangerous conditions to drop over three tons of water on the flames. When the blaze started fire brigades from all the nearby villages were called out but because of the nature of the terrain they found it very difficult to bring up water and fire-fighting appliances

AIR DROP ON FOREST FIRE

b

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

CUBAN CRISIS. The odd thing is that, for all the grisly terrors the Cuban crisis evoked, I heard no authoritative opinion expressed that a nuclear World War III was inevitable. Yet what could prevent it? For a day or two, it seemed impossible even to invent a *deus ex machina*, an arbitrator, a formula or a compromise which could save the world's bacon from the flames. Which of two " immovable " masses would yield ground? The trembling, waiting world fell back on assessing the rights and wrongs of the two protagonists who seemed to hold the fate of humanity in their fearful hands. Five weeks before, the U.S. had no evidence that Russia had installed in Cuba the means to launch deadly missiles into the heart of the capitals on the American continent. Four weeks later photographs " proved " that that had been effectively and widely done. Could those photographs lie? If not, could it be argued by Russia that the launching sites were in no way offensive, but purely defensive? Whatever colour the Russians painted them, it was one thing for America to demand their removal and quite another thing to secure it. Cuba's outraged " sovereignty," America's similar nuclear plants pointing at the heart of Russia, would be strong arguments to delay America from getting her way. There seemed little hope that a *deus ex machina* would be found in neutral arbitrators, little hope that the Security Council would forcibly express, for what it would be worth, the moral indignation of the nations. For Mr. Kennedy's decisions were freely under criticism as breaches of international law and contradictions of America's cherished ideals. Why did he not go first to the Security Council, why did he not first consult his allies? Was the blockade legal in peacetime? Did he imagine that Russian vessels would comply and if not, did he appreciate the result of refusal when he authorised the reply that refusal would result in sinking Russian ships? These points supplied Mr. Gaitskell with ready-made material for restrained criticism. During those first tense days at the end of October, no solution seemed possible, no answers forthcoming to these questions. Two mighty nations, obsessed by fear of each other's power and aims, utterly convinced of each other's duplicity or aggression, had got themselves and all humanity into a position as dangerous, it seemed, as in 1938-39.

BRINKSMEN ON THE BRINK. As the fateful hours slipped by, the situation eased a little, but only a little. Both the protagonists in the suicide duel lowered their foils and drew away from the fiery crater-edge. We are not prepared to say that either the intervention of Lord Russell or the Sixth-formers of Midhurst's old grammar school (long remarkable for advanced thought) induced this caution, but both sides clearly appreciated the dilemma which results when an irresistible force meets an immovable mass, and both the Mr. Ks. appealed to reason and accepted a moratorium on conditions. World opinion on the "guiltiest party " seemed still to be about equally divided, the degree of legality and the recklessness of America's actions being balanced by Russian duplicity and mischief making. Mr. Kennedy remained firmly determined on the removal of the deadly plant in Cuba, and on the 27th the authenticity of the photographs was acknowledged by Mr. Khrushchev himself when in terms of sweet reason he proposed a *quid pro quo* compromise, the Americans closing down the Turkey base (alone) in exchange for the liquidation of Russia's base in Cuba. The President, while not scouting the future possibility of a deal, firmly stood out for Cuba first—and it was hard, even for faint hearts, to blame him. And then came the miracle a few hours later. To the immense surprise and relief of all humanity—including men in-the-know—Mr. Khrushchev yielded, not only accepting unilateral dismemberment of the Cuba installation but accepting also the condition of dismemberment under U.N. supervision. Mr. Kennedy instantly responded generously in praising Mr. Khrushchev for a statesman-like decision, proving himself a Statesmen by his own words of praise. God knows, it is no time to make capital and headlines out of gain and loss in a battle of face-saving. It is time to acknowledge a crowning mercy and by every means to keep alight the little flame which it lit, the hope that good may come of this horrible business in a better understanding between East and West by a better experience of the crater to which brinkmanship led. There, at the moment, the matter rests. It may be, it is very probable, that snags will arise and wrangles develop over the implementation of the dismemberment of the Cuban base; it may well be that Russia still intends to continue to hot up the cold war in Berlin and elsewhere. But we may fairly conclude that brinkmanship has slid just a little too close to the crater edge and that the flames of Hell scorched its beard. A greater fear has driven out lesser fears, and civilisation may be granted a reprieve and a last chance for repentance and restraint.

ONE THING SEEMS CERTAIN. One thing alone seemed fairly certain to the unhappy, frustrated millions who inhabit this earth. For months or years to come there seems little hope for them, and for their innocent, constructive aims and projects, of a settled period of comparative security, free from wars, alarms and subversive actions during which they can hope to bring their projects to fruition. Big or small, political or industrial, no sooner do such projects show signs of blooming but there comes a " killing frost," be it a local strike or a global flare-up, and all's to do again. The stock markets boom hopefully and slump disastrously, writing-off untold millions in an hour; trade statistics an-

The Duke of Gloucester is shown an Argosy transport aircraft while visiting the R.A.F. station at Odiham, Hampshire. **Below left:** The Queen Mother receives a bouquet from Anne Fortescue, a descendant of Prebendary Rudolf, founder of the Church of England's Children's Society, at the society's Founder's Day Festival in the Albert Hall, London. **Below right:** The Duke of Edinburgh with Welsh Guards officers during a visit to their depot at Pirbright, Surrey. The Duke is Colonel-in-Chief of the Welsh Guards. **Right:** The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, ride through Marble Arch in London for the first time since construction work on the Hyde Park road alteration scheme began three years ago, after firing the traditional salutes for the opening of Parliament

NOW ON SALE

Skating, one of the traditional delights of winter, provides the theme for William McLaren's cover for this year's *Sphere* Christmas Number, which is now on sale. In full colour inside the issue is a splendid range of subjects—from travelling circuses and a Montague Dawson seascape, to fifteenth-century French miniatures, and a colour photograph inside Marlborough House, the Commonwealth centre in London. There are also various illustrated articles in black and white.

There is still time to order for your friends overseas to make sure that they get a copy in time for Christmas. A greeting card is included with every Christmas Number dispatched on your behalf. Order now from your newsagent or direct from The Publisher, The Sphere, *13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2. "The Sphere" Christmas Number, including postage to any part of the world, costs 5s. 8d.*

nounce hopeful results which a month later are written off by senseless industrial disputes. Civilisation is in such a state of indiscipline and anarchy, fear and suspicion, that the only sane occupation seems to be philosophic study in a tub. There is no help from man until mankind has learned from its ape ancestors how foolish and uncomfortable it is to saw through the branch they sit on which protects them from the roaring lion at the tree's roots. The fifty-seventh recent strike at Dagenham cost the company over £6 million and thousands of workers risked their livelihood. No one knows how many of them accepted that risk. And in the international field events in Cuba and on India's frontiers with China give no assurance that East and West will quickly draw nearer together in a determined effort to remove the mortal danger of nuclear war.

DOMESTIC POLITICS. With Parliament in session and five uncertain by-elections pending, the accent for a time (if the Cuban crisis *should* blow over) will fall on domestic politics. Students of politics will hope to gain a hint from these by-elections of the potency and the life of the Common Market issue, which on October 23 was of major importance and on October 24 was entirely forgotten, and of importance only to Mr. Heath among ministers as the chief bone of contention in the next General Election, and also whether the momentary No. 1 seeding of this issue has left the Liberals in the air, and transferred more doubtful votes to the Tories. By-elections are by no means usually decided on major issues. Personalities and parish-pump politics play in them a larger part than in General Elections; and some of the five pending, though their issues be based broadly on the Common Market, are essentially local issues. In Wiltshire, Dorset, Northants and Norfolk, the farmers' votes may play a big part in the results, and in two of those by-elections at any rate the farmers have expressed their doubts on the Common Market very trenchantly—doubts which Mr. Heath's latest efforts with the Six did not set at rest. Six months ago, the Liberal upward-surge seemed to have reached a peak which promised an assured revival. But recently, the Common Market, whether regarded as a national or a " local " issue, suddenly brought up the Tory party as the party which knows its own mind and is unanimous in its opinions, while the Socialists, in backing the other horse, have left the appearance of a sneaking inclination to hedge, and the Liberals had very little advice to offer the voters that can be called a new look into the unknown. The major Party Conferences thrashed out all the pros and cons. I would not care to prophesy the net result from these by-elections, but incline to think they will be battles of the giants, Tory and Socialist, and the protagonists will have amusingly assumed each other's battledress, the Tories as the party of youth and the future, the Socialists as the party of tradition. The old idea in British politics that no *party* should remain in power too long may be revised to read " policies " for " party."

ELECTION ISSUES. But if the Common Market (pro or con) should remain to the major parties a sufficient major issue on which to fight a General election or even a crop of by-elections, it does not follow that the electorate will be satisfied to concentrate on it. Whatever benefits the Common Market may bring us can easily be cancelled out by existing and mortal national diseases. There are national problems touching us even more nearly which, it seems to me, have for some time past cried out for urgent solution and have begun to incline us to favour any party which has the courage and ingenuity to tackle them. I am sure that any party that today could convince us that, if returned to power, it would, with courage and with specified remedies, and as a priority, try to cure various injuries to our good name and livelihood, would receive our votes. It has been assumed that to tackle industrial indiscipline and the lost authority of the unions is possible only for a Labour Government because the Trades Unions are partners of Socialism. A fight *à outrance* which might well involve a general strike if legislative measures touching on present trades union rights and usages were required, is a risk no Government has for decades dared to take; and no measure has ever been taken to discover what proportion of the nation's trade-unionists tolerate insubordination, deny the right of employers to discipline employees who disregard their pledges, encourage subversion and are flagrantly disobedient ; nor have any real attempts been made to give that unknown quantity a chance to express opinions on direct industrial action. As for robbery-under-arms, it is patent that the Home Office and the Police have hitherto failed to cope with this increasingly common and successful form of crime. Much of it would be made impossible, if payment of wages were enforced by cheque, and it cannot be beyond the wit of governments to devise a scheme which workers could come in time to accept as reasonable and not intolerable. I conclude that the Common Market is not the only issue which the parties seeking our votes can usefully display in their shop-windows. There are several more to attract us.

THE OLD STAGER

Ben Marco (Frank Sinatra), encountering, in New York, Chunjin (Henry Silva), who betrayed his patrol during the Korean War, tries to beat him up

Raymond Shaw (Laurence Harvey), bitten by a snake, is tended to by his old girl friend Jocie Jordan (Leslie Parrish). **Below:** Ben is found in a shattered state at the police station by Rosie (Janet Leigh) after his fight

ENTERTAINMENT

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

at the Odeon, Leicester Square

Macabre political thrillers with a real edge to them are rare in the cinema—and extremely rare in the American cinema—so *The Manchurian Candidate* comes as an extremely welcome surprise, reminiscent of the best of Hitchcock's forays in this field. The film is based by the scriptwriter, George Axelrod, on a novel by Richard Condon, is directed by John Frankenheimer, and is released by United Artists. Briefly, the story concerns the men of an American patrol during the Korean War who are betrayed by their Korean guide, Chunjin, to the Chinese. They are brainwashed and made to believe that they took part in a successful action for which their sergeant, Raymond Shaw, should get the Congressional Medal. With the war over, the men are back in the United States. One of them, Ben Marco, now a Major, has recurring nightmares, in which he sees Shaw, under hypnosis from the Chinese, kill two of the patrol in a demonstration. He convinces himself, if not his superiors, that something is wrong with Shaw, now a journalist.

Shaw, in the power of the Communist agents in the United States, is being groomed by them for his major assignment. He has broken with his mother, a powerful and ambitious political schemer, who has married again —to Senator Iselin. He is a rabble-rousing anti-Communist (on the lines of McCarthy), hoping to win his party's nomination for President. Marco meets Shaw again, realises his nightmares are true, and sets out to win Shaw back from Communist control, before it is too late.

The drive of the film comes from the exploitation of American neuroses over the Chinese Communists, and the power of brainwashing. In the nightmare world of the film, the neuroses seem sane, and the director has brilliantly set his theme against a harsh depiction of the more rabid and sensationalist aspects of American politics. Taken seriously or not, *The Manchurian Candidate* is original and disturbing.

Jolyon Wimhurst

In a nightmare, Ben sees himself and the patrol at an American ladies' convention

But the convention turns out to be a meeting of Communist experts on brainwashing

Raymond Shaw, under hypnotic control, jumps in a half-frozen lake

At the climax of the film, a national political convention at Madison Square Gardens in New York, Senator John Iselin (James Gregory), running for President, is calmed by his wife (Angela Lansbury). **Right:** Ben Marco, certain that the Communists are planning a *coup* at the convention, searches among the cheer-leaders

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

The new Commonwealth Institute is opened in London

Opened by the Queen on Tuesday of this week, the new Commonwealth Institute in Holland Park, London, has been described by Mr. Kenneth Bradley, the Director, as an " exciting " building—" which is just as it should be, because it must look forward to the exciting future of a young Commonwealth." The most interesting part of the new structure is the exhibition block, which consists of a large copper roof of five hyperbolic paraboloids carried on two legs and tied down at the corners. Inside this block are the permanent exhibitions on every Commonwealth country, which have always been a feature of the Institute. These are intended as educational aids for the resident teachers, but they are also popular with the general public.

The west wing houses the other functions of the Institute. These include a cinema, to show documentary films about the Commonwealth, which is also equipped with a workshop stage, intended to be the natural home in London for music, ballet and drama from other Commonwealth countries. Likewise there is a finely-equipped art gallery for Commonwealth painting and sculpture. Next to these are classrooms, and the studios needed for making exhibits, teaching aids and travelling exhibitions. The wing also contains offices, a public restaurant, a reception and conference hall, and a reference library. Costing about £1,000,000, of which the Government is paying about £600,000, the quality of the building has been aided by generous gifts from Commonwealth Governments; for example, the copper for the roof came from Rhodesia and the aluminium from Canada.

A word about the Institute: the original building in South Kensington, with its familiar Italianate tower, was built as the national memorial of the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and was opened in May 1893. Known then as the Imperial Institute its emphasis was on the full utilisation of the commercial and industrial resources of the Empire. With the change from Empire into Commonwealth a reappraisal of the Institute and its functions was made; a Committee under Lord Tweedsmuir recommended that it be reorganised and expanded " to observe as a Commonwealth forum and further mutual understanding amongst the members of the Commonwealth countries by providing facilities for the presentation and exchange of ideas and information." The name was changed by the Commonwealth Institute Act of 1958.

The exterior of the new Commonwealth Institute in Holland Park, London, showing the copper

Left: A general view of the interior of the exhibition hall, showing the various sections in preparation

Right: The cinema where documentary films on Commonwealth subjects will be shown. **Below:** The Art Gallery showing paintings and sculptures by Commonwealth artists. The architects for the new Institute were Robert Matthew, Johnson-Marshall and Partners; and the contractors were John Laing Construction Limited

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

glass curtain wall of the exhibition hall

Dr. Banda, leader of Nyasaland's Malawi Party, relaxes under an umbrella at Chileka Airport. He was due in London during this week for the Nyasaland Constitutional Conference which starts on November 12 at Marlborough House

Tunku Abdul Rahman (seated under umbrella, second from right), the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, next to Malik Amier Mohammed, Governor of West Pakistan, watches an athletics match at Aitcheson College, Lahore. The Tunku was on a State visit to Pakistan, which he followed with a State visit to India

BOOK REVIEWS

A journalist in India; a survey of Pakistan; and some important biographies

There is a certain suitability that one of the most successful journalists to present India to the English-speaking world over the last decade has been a woman. In spite of the mob violence and the fierce communal passions, there is a certain flexibility and grace about Indian politics that profits from a feminine touch. Taya Zinkin, correspondent in India for *The Economist* and *The Guardian* since 1950, has already written one book arising from her experience in independent India. But where this was a general explanation of the young state, her new book REPORTING INDIA (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) covers specific crises and incidents which have been critical in the development of stability in India. These include the communal riots in Bengal in 1950, the language troubles in Bombay, and the attempt to establish Communist rule in Hyderabad and Kerala. Her last chapter vividly recalls encounters with Nehru, and the book is studded with character studies and neat observations of political life. She leaves an impression of determined curiosity and dedication to presenting the truth. There must be a nook in Indian history for the unflappable Mrs. Zinkin, driving her little blue Fiat through explosive riot areas, helping the wounded, ticking off policemen, and relentlessly gathering news.

Pakistan, on the other hand, is more of a man's world, especially under its present rulers. THE STATE OF PAKISTAN (Faber. 25s.) by L. F. Rushbrook Williams, despite its ambiguous title, is a straightforward no-nonsense survey of the Muslim part of the Indian subcontinent 15 years after independence. He outlines the degeneration of the rule of the politicians and the establishment of President Ayub's military rule with understanding and clarity. He appraises the unhappy relations with India, the differences which sprang from a different concept of what a state ought to be, and the Kashmir and Indus waters questions, providing, incidentally, an interesting insight into the present Indo-Chinese conflict. At the time of Bandung and the signing between India and China of the *panchshila*—the five principles of co-existence—there was received in Karachi a message from Pekin saying that there was no clash of interests between China and Pakistan which could imperil their friendly relations; but that "this position did not apply to Indo-Chinese relations in which a definite conflict of interests could be expected in the near future." And this in 1955. The author also covers economic problems in Pakistan, the difficulty of balancing its East and West halves, and President Ayub's recent efforts to encourage a "basic democracy." In all a useful and balanced survey, doubly welcome because, book-wise, Pakistan is so often neglected in favour of India.

Three important biographies of Indian subjects come next: two of them concerning the Indian Prime Minister. Michael Edwardes has provided an admirably lucid text for NEHRU: *A pictorial biography* (Thames and Hudson. 25s.). This is an attractively presented book, with many delightful photographs of the youthful aristocrat, living in the "House of Joy" in Allahabad, wearing a sailor suit, and later the uniform of the Harrow school cadets (during his education in England). They also show the transformation into the grim-faced rebel leader, and eventually the wise elder statesman. The other book about Nehru is really about his father Motilal, only the author found he could not avoid writing about the son as well. The book is called THE NEHRUS, *Motilal and Jawaharlal* (George Allen and Unwin. 30s.) by B. R. Nanda, and concerns the life of Motilal, and of Jawaharlal up to the time of his father's death in 1931. It is an extraordinary story—how various influences, including pressure from a radical son, operated on the moderate, successful lawyer and drove him to extremism. The father-son relationship is examined in detail, drawing extensively on unpublished sources, especially letters, and making a fine and scholarly book. Also of note is RABINDRANATH TAGORE (Oxford University Press. 30s.) by Krishna Kripalani, who worked with Tagore for the last eight years of his life. The author communicates his enthusiasm for this great Bengali, who symbolised the cultural awakening of India where Gandhi and Nehru symbolised the political awakening. The most striking thing about Tagore is his universality, not only in the all-comprehending nature of his talents, but in his unusual appeal to both East and West. Mr. Kripalani's book does ample justice to this great father-figure.

M.K.W.

A London-style policeman directs traffic at the junction of Front Street and Queen Street in Hamilton, Bermuda's capital. **Right:** A steel band welcomes *The Queen of Bermuda*

350 YEARS A COLONY

Photographs of Bermuda by **Gerry Brenes** *and* **Mike Andrews**

Bermuda was probably first discovered by Juan de Bermudez, a Spaniard, in 1503, but there was no settlement for nearly a century, because sailors steered clear of the treacherous coral reefs. In 1609, a British ship was wrecked there and the largest of the 300 islands of the group, St. George's island, was found to be habitable. Three years later, exactly 350 years ago, the Virginia Company was granted a charter to establish a settlement on the island, since when it has remained under the British flag. It now enjoys a substantial measure of self-government; Bermudians think of their islands as a Dominion rather than a Colony. Its parliament is the oldest in the Commonwealth outside Westminster.

The islands are peaks of submarine mountains, the world's most northerly group of coral islands. Situated about 1,000 miles north of the Caribbean and 700 miles south-east of New York, most visitors are American, who find the place quaint and British; Europeans, on the other hand, find it very Americanised. Two main factors have helped bring Bermuda's 44,000 people a high standard of living; the tourist trade, and the U.S. sea and air bases. The former is the backbone of the economy, and is predominantly for Americans because of the distance from Europe. Although it is known as a tax haven, it does not cater exclusively for millionaires; there is accommodation for all income groups. The American bases, set up in 1941, provide a source of employment to many Bermudians and have disseminated prosperity. A recently built satellite tracking station has also helped in this.

Poverty is notably absent from the island, and although there is a coloured population of about 60 per cent. of the total, there is a happy relationship between the races. Segregation has been nearly eliminated. The last barriers, in the schools, are being rapidly broken down.

The Queen of Bermuda prepares to dock at Hamilton. **Left:** Yachts from the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. **Right:** The palm-fringed sands at Cambridge Beaches, a cottage colony in Somerset Parish on St. George's Island

The Carlton Beach, the newest of the island's large modern hotels, is situated on the quiet North Shore. It is completely self-contained, with its own swimming pool

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NINETEENTH-CENTURY NEW TOWN

Middlesbrough is a romantic place, though I admit that you would never think so just to look at it, just passing through. Only 140 years ago there was no town at all here, not even a village. There was only a salt marsh, a farmhouse and three farm cottages. In those days the one-street town of Yarm, standing at the first practicable point where the Tees could be bridged, was the most important town in all this area. But in 1825 the Stockton and Darlington railway was opened; and everything was changed.

The original intention, obviously, was that Stockton should be the centre of a new industrial area. But Stockton, though on the Tees, did not have a good outlet to the sea. So, in 1830, a company calling itself the Middlesbrough Owners was formed. The men chiefly concerned, and their names deserve to be remembered for they were men of great vision, were Joseph and Edward Pease, who were Quakers. They bought 500 acres of the salt marsh, the farmhouse and the cottages. It was an unattractive site. In Joseph Pease's words, " the silence and solitude of this part of the Tees were only broken by the presence of a few grey-headed seals and a few shrimping-women." It cost the Middlesbrough Owners only £6 an acre. The local clay was good for brick-making, and they set about building the town now known as Middlesbrough, but which started life as Port Darlington. They were astonishingly successful in attracting both industry and workers. They started with nothing but a vision. In 11 years (by 1841) there were 5,709 people living in the new town.

But a year before that two men, Henry Bolckow and John Vaughan, arrived to set up a business making machinery to meet the needs of the factories which were springing up everywhere. They were typical of their age and of the north country—enterprising, industrious and, in no small measure, ruthless. They, and particularly John Vaughan, may be said to have laid the foundations of modern Middlesbrough. For, in 1850, Vaughan, looking at the reddened cliffs of the Cleveland Hills where they form an escarpment above the estuary of the Tees, guessed that Middlesbrough was built at the edge of an unworked iron-field.

The first quarry was opened in that year and Middlesbrough was getting its own raw material right on its doorstep. Within 20 years it was exporting from its port more than a million pounds' worth of goods a year, and a good proportion of this freight was carried in steamers whose machinery was made in Middlesbrough itself. No small achievement for a town which, but 40 years earlier, had been an empty salt marsh.

Now, a brand-new town in England, a town built within the last century and a half, where not even a village had stood before, is a very rare thing, even in this age of " new towns." Indeed, I cannot, off hand, name another. It is most interesting to note the plan on which the Middlesbrough Owners built. I have often wondered whether the Peases had pioneered in America before settling here, for they planned their town on the American square-grid system. This, very un-English, plan has always been followed. Except in its newest outskirts, Middlesbrough is still a square-grid town. Even the roads running from it join the great highway from Yarm to Redcar at right angles. I think it is the only one in Britain. Moreover (and in this too, for a town of this size, it must be almost unique) it is virtually home-made.

I doubt if there is a pre-1914 building, with the notable exception of the town hall, which has not been constructed of materials found on the town's doorstep. And they built well. The streets are wide and the buildings lofty with a fine solidity and dignity: and here and there some excellent decorative ironwork.

New and old in Middlesbrough, with new office blocks background. **Right:** The Police headquarters. **Below:** Gardens in front of the municipal buildings

This is not to say that Middlesbrough is a beautiful town. It is not: it is too flat and the layout too unimaginative. And, of course, there is the atmosphere; something to be felt rather than breathed. This atmosphere is, I think, at its most noticeable in summer: then even the bright cotton dresses on the pretty girls look a little dingy. Middlesbrough is at its best in the gloom of a November evening, when the busy streets, the garish lighting and the muddy pavements, the muffled hurrying crowds have a strange purposeful vitality. Then Middlesbrough is an exciting town.

This atmosphere is not confined to Middlesbrough. The chimneys that line the Tees have affected the countryside for miles around, blackening the land and stunting the vegetation. The land looks harsh and unkind, not given to growing things easily. And yet there is a large and not unprosperous agricultural community hereabouts, serving the needs of a huge industrial population and, thereby, enjoying a stability that Tees-side has not always enjoyed.

Middlesbrough, all Tees-side, has had its ups and downs. This economic instability, the too-frequent spells of local unemployment (the politicians' euphemism for dire depression), has left its mark on the people. This is surely the most politically-conscious community in Britain. I do not mean by that the sort of political consciousness that you find in the big industrial centres elsewhere in the North and the Midlands. Here it is not just a matter of being Tory or Labour, not just a matter of " worker and boss," the unthinking politics born of out-dated class-consciousness which is usual in Britain. These people are genuinely, almost ferociously, interested in politics as such.

I was recently in a pub, a " working-class " pub, cloth caps and dungarees, on Middlesbrough's waterfront. In such a pub in London or Liverpool or Cardiff the conversation will be about football or racing or women. These are the basic conversational topics of the British working-man. Mention the Common Market in such a pub, or in a rural pub anywhere in Britain, and you are likely to empty the bar in double-quick time. Not so in Middlesbrough: the conversation in this pub was all about the Common Market. And it did not take me long to realise that they all knew much more about it than I do. Though I should guess that everyone of them normally voted Labour, that was implicit in their talk, they looked forward not back. The pioneering spirit is still very much alive in Middlesbrough.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

ABINGDON
V
SOLIHULL

S. B. Burton, captain of Solihull, converts a try against Abingdon

Although Abingdon were heavily defeated on their own ground, this was a better game than the final score (Abingdon 0, Solihull 23) might suggest. The home side came close to scoring on more than one occasion, and missed two easy penalty goals. Solihull were the better side on the day, being particularly strong outside the scrum. In the set pieces the two packs were fairly evenly matched, but towards the end of the game Solihull began to dominate the line-outs. Abingdon's defensive covering was weak and the Solihull centres were often able to cut inside unmolested. Solihull's first two tries were scored by Burton; they were both converted. The third try followed a misunderstanding by the home side. Burton scored the fourth, and the brilliant last try was made by the Solihull scrum-half coming round a set scrum, kicking clear, picking up and running 30 yards to score. (Abingdon are wearing light striped shirts, Solihull are in dark shirts with light bands.)

I. A. Thorpe of Solihull falls on the ball

P. R. Johnson tackles Abingdon's A. Akinbriji

A. E. Johnson (Abingdon) pursues R. E. Jones

C. M. Price and R. H. Jones (Solihull) struggle for the ball with A. E. Johnson

Players of both teams leap for the ball in a line-out

TRAVEL

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

By **GORDON COOPER**

One of the happiest Christmases I ever spent was at an old Devon inn. I was lodging beside the sea: a stormy sea, with billowing Atlantic waves crashing against the cliff-lined shore and even spraying the sturdy, stone-built inn itself with foam. There were fires—real crackling wood fires, helped with coal and peat—to provide a suitable background of Christmas welcome. Brass candlesticks with holly and laurel garters stood on the Jacobean dresser. Rows of pewters, clean and highly burnished, hung from shelves, caught the ruddy wink of the fire in splashes and slits. And behind the bar there was hot toddy to welcome the evening revellers. Before getting into bed, I opened the window and received the salty, driven sea-spray on my face.

Alas, this inn will not be open this year, so, instead, I will go to " Dr." Brighton and pass Christmas Day sitting on the front, inhaling the superb air while catching up with some reading. There will be the feeling, possible at no other time, that one has the place to oneself, that it is so different from the crowded resort of the summer months, almost as though one were a resident rather than a visitor.

Perhaps this description may suggest I am an old curmudgeon. If that means making new travel discoveries, I agree. My habit is to alternate a Christmas abroad with one in Britain. Last year, for instance, I travelled to Barcelona and the Costa Brava: I remember the wonderful sunshine as I strolled along the Ramblas and beside the sea at the Hostal de la Gavina, S'Agaro. I was also able to attend Midnight Mass at Montserrat, with its outstanding liturgical service. The year before it was Cambridge, with my idea of supreme hotel comfort and good fare at the Blue Boar, and opportunities to attend the Carol Service in King's College Chapel, explore this university city, and to enjoy once more Ely Cathedral.

The year before it was Paris, while next year I hope to make it Rome. Christmas, of course, is becoming a longer holiday, and with air transport, enables one to journey farther afield. Rome is almost on one's doorstep, while one travel agent (Erna Low) has Christmas parties in the south of France at Menton, on the Costa del Sol in Spain and in Vienna. Even considering the extra cost of transportation, there is not much difference in total expenditure between a Christmas at home or abroad. As a matter of interest for younger readers, the Under 30 Travel Club offers a three-day holiday in Paris (Dec. 24-26) for £13, inclusive of air travel. Lunch in a restaurant on Christmas Day and a cabaret in the evening for dinner will appeal to those who seek a brief change from our grey skies.

I have suggested and recommend Barcelona at Christmas, but also call to mind the delights of lovely Innsbruck at this season, with the Maria-Theresienstrasse—surely, one of the loveliest streets in Europe—wearing a mantle of snow and its background of white mountains, and the lights of Hungerburg and Hafelkar twinkling overhead, like stars. And Innsbruck is reached by Cunard Eagle in less than four hours from London, while there are direct coach connections with Igls, Kitzbühel, Seefeld, St. Johann and Westendorf, all pleasant spots for a Christmas holiday which most people would enjoy.

For those who seek Christmas holidays at home I can think of no better recommendation than Trust Houses. Some of these provide organised entertainment at an inclusive rate of £5 a day; others have informal entertainments, at a lower cost; while in some of the hotels you get Christmas fare, but are otherwise left to find your own enjoyments. In the first class I recommend the Continental Hotel in Plymouth, and the Esplanade Hotel at Seaford. In the second category, my choice falls on the Grenville Hotel, Bexhill-on-Sea, and the Imperial Hotel, Exmouth. While for good fare but no distractions there are the Bull Hotel, Long Melford—an " Oscar " award—the Blue Boar, Maldon; the White Hart Royal, Moreton-in-Marsh; the Fleece, Cirencester; the Royal, Ventnor; and the Suffolk Hotel, Bury St. Edmunds. The George Hotel, Battle, the George Hotel, Crawley, and the Star Inn, Alfriston, also offer considerable appeal. Nor, I feel, in this connection, must I omit to mention the Swan at Lavenham, to my mind the perfect English village.

In a slightly different category are the Informal House Parties and the Hotel House Parties offered by Erna Low. Whichever party you decide to join you can be sure of a warm welcome and a festive holiday in interesting

The beach and town of Cape Bagur in the Costa Brava of Spain, seen in early summer

The Imperial Hotel in Exmouth. **Below:** The lounge of the Fleece Hotel in Cirencester

The brightly lit centre of Nuremberg, in Germany, showing the Christkindles-Markt and the illuminated castle in the background

In the Maria-Theresienstrasse in Innsbruck, Austria

company. There is a varied programme of social activities, and I feel that this kind of opportunity fills a real need. The informal house parties are held at Haywards Heath, Moulsford (Berkshire) and Barford (Warwickshire), and the hotel house parties at Woodbridge, Eastbourne, Ross-on-Wye, Guernsey, Isle of Wight and Faringdon (Berkshire).

Suggested hotels run by the British Transport Commission are Manor House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon; Tregenna Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall; Turnberry Hotel, Turnberry, Ayrshire.

In Germany for Christmas-explorers, there is Nuremberg with its famous Christkindles-Markt. This is, indeed, a unique attraction, attended by visitors from many countries. The main market square is the admirable setting, in view of the lovely Schoner Brünnen (Beautiful Fountain) and the 600-year-old Frauenkirche—Our Lady's Church—while all around are colourful stalls with their Christmas present offerings.

The birth of Christ is celebrated throughout France on the night of Christmas Eve and the morning of Christmas Day. Outstanding celebrations are held at Les Baux, Saint-Paul-de-Vence, and Châteauneuf. There is also the Midnight Mass at Solesmes, famous for its Gregorian Chant—an unforgettable experience—and at Pérouges, where a torchlight procession through the streets of this perfectly preserved walled town is followed by a service in the fortress church, and a gargantuan and gastronomic Reveillon supper which lasts three hours in the ancient Hostellerie Vieux Pérouges—a museum in itself. Ostend, Brussels, Amsterdam, La Palma and Gibraltar are among my other suggestions for Christmas holidays abroad.

Christmas at sea seems mightily attractive, for those who can spare the time. There is, for instance, the "Romantica" cruise, leaving Venice on December 22, calling at Athens, Alexandria, Beirut, and Rhodes—a 21-day cruising holiday, three captivating weeks away from our dreary winter. Other sea-cruising suggestions for Christmas and the New Year are on the *Arkadia* (Greek Line, a most admirable ship) to Madeira and the Canaries, a ten-day tour; a similar trip but including a call at St. Vincent (Cape Verde Islands), by the *Empress of Canada*, setting out from Liverpool on December 21 and returning to Southampton on January 7; and a more extensive trip, including an optional Holy Land excursion to Amman and Jerusalem, on the *Athinai* (Typaldos Lines). Then for the New Year, there is a Gala Cruise on the *Hanseatic* (Hamburg-Atlantic Line), sailing from Southampton on December 28, calling at Madeira, Tenerife, Casablanca and Lisbon, returning on January 9. Rates per person are from £90.

USEFUL ADDRESSES:

Erna Low Travel Service,
47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.

Under 30 Travel Club,
19 London Street, W.2.

Oceanways,
23 Haymarket, S.W.1.

Trust Houses,
81 Piccadilly, W.1.

BOOKS

PORTRAIT OF RENOIR

A biography of the painter by his famous son; varied literary figures; recent fiction

Every once in a while—sometimes a sadly long while—there appears a biography of such penetrating power and such magical sympathy with the subject that it not only moves, even excites the reader, but prompts him to speak its praises wherever he goes. This I propose to do about M. Jean Renoir's wonderful book, RENOIR. MY FATHER (Collins. 36s.), which has in a very real way irradiated my reading hours in the past week and will remain, I am convinced, one of the books I treasure. M. Renoir, one of the most distinguished film directors in France, has written about the father he loved (they were a happy and devoted family) with an understanding and a perception which had its roots in a period during 1915 when young Jean came back from the front badly wounded and Renoir, who both signed himself and was addressed by his surname alone, entertained him with recollections of his own youth. Madame Renoir had lately died and the two, in wheelchair and on crutches, grew closer together in their mutual affection.

It is on this time and the years up to the painter's death in 1919 that the book is based: as complete and rounded study of a true and vital artist as I have read. "The pleasure he got out of life as a man coincided with the pleasure he felt as a painter," writes his son, for Renoir was a generous appreciator of life in every natural form, loathing and protesting against the artificial in everything from food to manners, and bringing his own gaiety and relish to the world he lived in and to such fond friends as Cézanne and Monet. This is a book of delights from which I could happily quote till the end of this page. More practically, however, I would only suggest that you buy the book for yourself and enjoy it, as I am sure you will, at first hand.

From the artist's vision, which embraces so much, to the literary view of life, as expressed in THE FAMILIAR FACES (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), the third part of an autobiography by Mr. David Garnett. This volume takes one from the early twenties to the beginning of the second world war. Mr. Garnett, nurtured in a literary atmosphere, surrounded by friends of his father's or his own, was always in a remarkable position for noting and assessing new writing talents. Here, though, the focus is shorter and the discoveries on a highly personal plane. A specialist's book and diverting for the knowledgeable.

HENRY JAMES—THE CONQUEST OF LONDON 1870-1883 (Hart-Davis. 63s.) is Mr. Leon Edel's second volume in a projected series of four, dealing with the writer's personality and character. Naturally it deals, too, with the events in the writer's career, but these were undramatic and conventional enough to leave the reader's attention clearly directed towards the main purpose of the book, which is a long and meticulous accounting of the development of a writer. Henry James had a plan for his career and it was to be coolly implemented in his dedication to the ambition of becoming a great writer. This volume shows him setting about it in London, Rome and Paris.

Photograph by Anthony Crickmay

BARRY BETHEL, with Malcolm Reid, in a scene from the new "pop musical"—*What a Crazy World*—at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East. Book and music are the work of a young East Londoner, Alan Klein

The controversies which surrounded Cardinal Newman (as he was to become when nearly 80 years old) had an effect on English thought, both ecclesiastical and secular, which is difficult to imagine nowadays. NEWMAN—LIGHT IN WINTER (Macmillan. 50s.) is the second volume of Miss Meriol Trevor's biography of the great churchman, taking his career from 1853 to his death in 1890 and tracing clearly his progress through the violent opposition which his conversion to the Church of Rome created. Scholarly, meticulous and documented with what is, genuinely, loving care.

AFTERTHOUGHT (Longmans. 30s.) is a collection of reviews, prefaces, broadcasts and articles by Miss Elizabeth Bowen: an astonishingly wide survey of the scope and interests of a fine writer who has this memorable opinion to give of her own craft: "Writing—that creaking, pedantic, obtrusive, arch, prudish, opaque overworded *writing* . . . what it could do! . . . The power of the pen. The inventive pen."

Two books this week are concerned with the subject of sleep, though in differing terms. THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF BEDROOMS (Heinemann. 25s.) is an anthology, chosen by Mr. Hubert Cole, and containing pieces as varied as Browning's poem *Let's Contend No More, Love*, James Thurber's *The Night the Bed Fell on Father*, Pepys on sleeping through a rainy night and Jane Carlyle on insomnia, among scores of other lively items. WARM AND SNUG (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.), on the other hand, is Mr. Lawrence Wright's History of the Bed, a more factual but still entertaining volume. Both would be extremely readable either in *or* out of bed!

Mrs. Katherine Anne Porter is an American writer with an immense reputation built on the

---

UNDER THE CHANNEL

The history of the long-delayed tunnel

The idea of a Channel Tunnel between Britain and France has both attracted and repelled businessmen and politicians for 160 years. The prospect of Britain joining the Common Market has now revived the hopes of the Channel Tunnellers, but even so it may well be that we shall reach the moon before we actually travel in speed and comfort by train all the way between London and Paris. Thomas Whiteside has done some valuable historical research into this oft-put-off project, and in THE TUNNEL UNDER THE CHANNEL (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.) he traces the course of events since Albert Mathieu, a French mining engineer, put forward the first plan in 1802. Mathieu's tunnel was to be lighted by oil lamps and ventilated at intervals by chimneys projecting above the sea. The idea was that relays of horses would gallop from Dover to Calais with a change at a posting station in mid passage; and it is known that Bonaparte actually discussed the scheme with Charles James Fox at the time of the Treaty of Amiens. The prospect of war has indeed always dimmed the prospect of the tunnel, but each generation has produced its advocates. The latest Anglo-French working party is due to report this Christmas; the pro-tunnellers are saying that it will be favourable.

Michael Shanks and John Lambert fairly make our flesh creep with the things that may happen to Britain if she does not enter the Common Market and influence the new community decisively. They see "the twilight of a faded Empire, an empire upon which the sun is indeed setting, a people shuffling into the shadows to grow old and die—alone." History is not kind to those who make the wrong choices they declare darkly at the end of a what is a closely reasoned, thought provoking, but certainly ill-balanced, book. BRITAIN AND THE NEW EUROPE. (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) has one particular virtue, in that the authors attempt to look far beyond the present negotiations to a United States of Europe.

Three totally different realms of adventure are the subject of new volumes this week. Jack Olsen's THE CLIMB TO HELL (Gollancz. 21s.) is an account of a famous rescue on the Eiger in 1957. THREE DIMENSIONED DARKNESS (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) is by Captain Lincoln Lee, who describes the world of the airline pilot from the purely technical (how he avoids bad weather) to the purely personal (how he arranges his complicated domestic life). In FREEDOM FOREST (Hutchinson. 18s.) Sigvard Berggren tells how he has raised a number of African wild animals at his home at Boras, Sweden. His photographs of lions in the lounge, lions in the snow and lions in rowing boats are only bested by one of a rhino in the kitchen.

The *British Men of Science* series, which has been launched under the general editorship of Sir Gavin de Beer, is certain to arouse great interest, particularly in our schools. Sir Edward Bailey contributes the biography of CHARLES LYELL, who did so much in the nineteenth century to explain the changes in the world's surface in past ages, all but vanquishing a school of geologists inclined to attribute so much to major catastrophes. Dr. Angus Armitage writes on WILLIAM HERSCHEL, the self-taught amateur astronomer who perfected his own telescope and was able to look farther into space than anyone before him. Sir Philip Manson-Barr takes as his subject PATRICK MANSON, who set out to investigate the many terrible, weakening and disfiguring diseases long widespread in the tropics. All three volumes are published by Thomas Nelson at 15s. net. Sir Gavin de Beer's own volume on CHARLES DARWIN will be published in 1963, in what already promises to be a most successful series.

The Contact History of Art is another important series planned to cover the history of Western painting in a dozen volumes. GREEK AND CRETAN PAINTING is contributed by Pierre Devambez, Curator of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the Louvre, and RENAISSANCE PAINTING is by Franco Russoli, Director of the Brera Gallery, Milan. Both are published by Contact Books at 12s. 6d. net and both are profusely illustrated in colour and half tone.

Richard Edmonds

small foundation of four volumes of short novels, shorter stories and critical writings. Now her first full-length novel, which has been 20 years in the writing, has appeared to critical acclaim in her native United States and for our possibly calmer consideration here. SHIP OF FOOLS (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) is long indeed, more than 500 pages, and closely packed with characters who are severally listed and described on two or three preliminary pages. They comprise the first-class passengers in a boat from Mexico to Europe in 1931. The journey takes a month, during which we have learned as much about them as they have about each other but, oddly enough, without being particularly moved. Interesting though and smoothly readable if not epoch-making.

Mr. Sandy Wilson, author of *The Girl Friend*, has turned to the writing of short stories in THE POODLE FROM ROME (Michael Joseph. 16s.), a collection of seven tales designed to show the behaviour of people visiting foreign countries, with a sly, sideways look at the axiom that travel is so broadening. Amusing, observant and very, very neat.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP (Heinemann. 18s.) is a first novel by Alison Lurie, an American writer who already has a comfortable grasp of the essentials of story-telling and a wickedly acute insight into some of the problems of married couples. Diverting, outspoken and easy on the intellect.

The two detective stories this week are Miss Evelyn Berckman's BLIND-GIRL'S-BUFF (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), which is absorbing rather than thrilling and quite difficult to put down, once started. And COVER HER FACE (Faber. 18s.), by P. D. James, a first novel, and a competent one, about a country-house murder.

Vernon Fane

THE STORY OF A HOUSE

The biography of a house is an omnibus biography of the generations that lived in it, and often enough all that needs to be known. Such a house is Felbrigg, a mile or two south of Cromer, and its story, called FELBRIGG (Rupert Hart-Davis. 35s.), is told by Robert Ketton-Cremer. It does not rank with Holkham, Blickling or Raynham. The bulk of what still stands and charms was completed about 1625. Four families have owned it and thrown up only one owner known to history, the Rt. Hon. William Windham, for seven years Pitt's Secretary of War. The first owners, the Felbriggs, died out at the end of the sixteenth century, and the inheritance passed to a Sir John Wyndham of Orchard, in Somerset, who took their name from Wymondham in Norfolk. Sir John passed on Felbrigg to a younger son who assumed the spelling Windham. The Wyndhams of the elder branch are perhaps best known in the story of Petworth.

The Windhams of Felbrigg, as usual in family history as generations passed, proved good husbands to the estate or spendthrifts, and they ended at Felbrigg with a "Mad Windham," at whose death the estate passed by purchase to a Norwich merchant, John Ketton, in 1863. The Kettons intermarried with the Cremers in the next generation, and these Cremers were related to the Wyndhams. In 1906 the estate fell to Robert Ketton-Cremer. The lesser manor-house, lived in by families of no great historical importance, is often a treasure-house for social historians (the Pastons, for example). When the humble fall, they fall gently, and Felbrigg has been very lucky in preserving its traditions, its archives and its treasures; for, save for its library, Felbrigg passed lock, stock and barrel to the Kettons, and today remains a living and illustrated document of 350 years of social life and taste in a manor-house. And that document in brick Mr. Ketton-Cremer has lovingly and charmingly and valuably annotated.

John Gore

"Etretat," by Eugene Boudin, an oil painting signed and dated '90

"Balsamines, Pêches et Abricots" by Henri Fantin-Latour

19th AND 20th CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS

At the Lefevre Gallery, London

Examples of the work of some of the finest of French artists of the last hundred years are on show at this London gallery until December 15. The exhibition opened this week. Included are drawings, sculpture and paintings by painters from Renoir, Degas, Vuillard, Van Gogh, Sisley and Boudin to Picasso, Matisse and Maillol. Most of the works on show have interesting pedigrees. The Fantin-Latour, reproduced on this page, was in the collection of Madame Latour and the Van Gogh study of daisies, also reproduced, has been exhibited several times in Holland, where it has been privately owned. One of the most intriguing drawings on show is by Suzanne Valladon, the mother of Utrillo.

"Figure of a Woman" by Constantin Guys

"Paquerettes," painted by Van Gogh in 1888

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

R. M. Lee

Mr. Lee is Chairman of The Calico Printers' Association, Ltd., a post he has held since 1947, and Chairman of The Lancashire Cotton Corporation since 1955. He has had long experience of the industry, having joined Calico Printers in 1923, and is a director of companies in England and overseas. Roger Malcolm Lee was born in 1902 and brought up in Herefordshire. He was educated at Eton and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he read Economics. During his early period with the Association he spent some years in the Buenos Aires office and later went to India. Mr. Lee was appointed to the Board in 1933. Outside his business life, Mr. Lee is keenly interested in his family farm at Ross-on-Wye. His other main interests are travelling and motor-racing. Nowadays croquet has taken the place of tennis as his sporting activity—he used to play tennis for his county, Herefordshire, before the war. A widower, Mr. Lee has two sons and a daughter

PROBLEMS OF RUNNING AIRLINES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Writing down one's capital is a time-dishonoured habit of the railway business: Dr. Beeching, trying to make ends meet in British Railways after having half its capital obligations extinguished and millions of pounds a year of interest wiped out, is simply in the tradition. He has, after all, to nurse a nineteenth-century form of public transport, with its business declining and much of its capital equipment long out of date.

But when one comes to an ultra-modern form of transport, with its traffic growing apace, constantly proclaiming that it has the finest and most up-to-date vehicles available anywhere, it is a little disconcerting for the public to be told that capital ought to be written down for precisely the opposite reason—because its aircraft get obsolete too fast to pay off the initial cost of them. Sir Matthew Slattery, of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, has not minced words in telling the Government that he needs to be excused part of his interest on capital obligations created only a few years ago. But the Ministry of Aviation seems wholly justified in ordering a thorough investigation of the nationalised airline's financial management before agreeing to anything of the sort.

Between Sir Matthew's request and the Government's announcement of an investigation it has also been disconcerting for the airline passenger to hear, in leaks and shreds of information filtering through from, of all places, Arizona, just how the airlines of the world plan to woo him over the next few years. Their counsels, apparently, have been resounding with accusations of price-cutting, from which not even the most respectable of operators in this price-fixed business recently appear to have refrained. And yet, one hears, the majority of these airlines would like to put prices up! In financial and economic terms, this most advanced form of public transport is clearly still a pretty odd business. Technologically, it seems to be advancing so fast that no single generation of equipment has time to pay off before it is superseded. And in terms of traffic, it has been cutting rates so eagerly to bring itself into the realms of mass transport that even the rapid expansion of traffic that it has succeeded in achieving has not been enough to keep it out of the red.

As Sir Matthew Slattery sees it, BOAC has suffered mainly from much faster obsolescence of aircraft than it bargained for. Its 68 aircraft, purchased at various times over the last five years or more, are not in practice worth nearly as much money as was shown against them in the corporation's balance sheet. At a cold-blooded operational revaluation, Sir Matthew thinks that they are worth £33 million less than the optimistic valuation formerly put upon them.

In such circumstances, what does "A" do? The answer is partly a matter of accountancy. What BOAC has chosen to do is to charge £5½ million over and above its normal depreciation provision for 1961-62, and to show the other £27½ million as an addition to the deficit that the corporation had already accumulated in past years. This seems reasonable accounting practice: the capital value of the aircraft ought to have been written down by larger amounts in earlier years—if the corporation had only known then how quickly they would become obsolescent. It does mean that the profits or losses shown in earlier years are now shown to have been over-optimistic; the corporation was not making enough provision to keep its capital intact. The underlying question, perhaps, is whether the corporation could have known how rapidly it ought to have been writing these aircraft down—and whether, perhaps, the public is getting a sufficient return upon the years and millions that are steadily poured into the development of yet more refined types of airliner.

Since the war BOAC and all other airlines have gone through the difficult transition from piston-engined aircraft to jets (some but not all hesitating on the way in the transitional turbo-prop stage). The advent of the big jet aircraft certainly was foreseen and indeed deliberately decided upon; but precisely when they would become available and fully operational was not so easy to say in advance. So there is some necessary uncertainty about the time-table. Nor was it in practice foreseen how fast these would tend to push out older aircraft on long-distance routes. Jets are generally very big aircraft. They offer high profits if they are flown full enough, but are terribly expensive when they are not. So airline operators needed to switch all their traffic on any given route as fast as possible into jets, and also to go in for economy fares and every other incentive to attract enough passengers to keep these big machines full.

So the work one could give older aircraft in the fleet was reduced faster than most operators had expected. Some were more prudent: it is a fair criticism of BOAC to note that some international airlines have for years been writing down their aircraft faster than it has. But none could be sure that their rate of financial write-off would be fast enough to match the rate at which these older aircraft were superseded.

In accepting this balance-sheet readjustment—which is realistic enough in accounting terms, though it should not be forgotten that the taxpayer will have to go on paying interest on the borrowed capital that BOAC has been forgiven—the Government may well ask whether the process continues. Given a rapid rate of aircraft development, in which the nationalised corporations have sometimes been urged to take aircraft they might not otherwise have chosen in order to sustain aircraft manufacturers that the Government favours, won't their present aircraft get out of date too rapidly in their turn?

This is obviously an ever-present danger, though BOAC in particular will obviously have learned by its experience to provide for a very rapid write-off for its aircraft from now on. The problem is not simply one of accounting, or even of rapidity in aircraft development. It is partly one of the limited but oddly concentrated forms that competition takes in the airline business.

There is little effective price competition in international airlines (though one price-cutter, Icelandic Airlines, gives the others quite a lot to worry about on the North Atlantic). Each line charges the same fare, has its seats the same distance apart, gives the same number of meals on any given flight; this even goes down to the famous "fixed size for the sandwich." There are powerful reasons, whether good ones or not, for this international cartel; and though its rules crack and fray at the edges, they will probably continue.

Precluded from competing in the traditional way, airlines naturally try everything else. The competitive urge naturally comes out in many minor ways; but the main way that it emerges is in trying to be first with the newest aircraft. So there is a commercial acceleration of replacement of one's aircraft, quite apart from the rapid technical improvement that makes new aircraft intrinsically worth having. And it is possible to conceive of a situation where airlines, fighting for the best share of traffic that is growing (but not quite as fast as would be comfortable) will be under pressure to outdo their competitors with new aircraft even if bringing these into service renders obsolescent excellent aircraft with several more years of service—and profits—in them. Whether airlines can escape these awkward consequences of competing in every way but the natural one, is perhaps their biggest problem.

Pre-formed cables for wiring racks of public telephone exchange equipment are stacked in the cable-forming shop at the Woolwich works of Associated Electrical Industries Ltd. The complex cable forms go into equipment supplied all over the world

Machining an asbestos cement screw joint for use with pressure pipes

Cleaning a moulded flue cowl before it goes for its final inspection

End-turning asbestos cement pressure pipes to ensure that the joints fit correctly

ASBESTOS

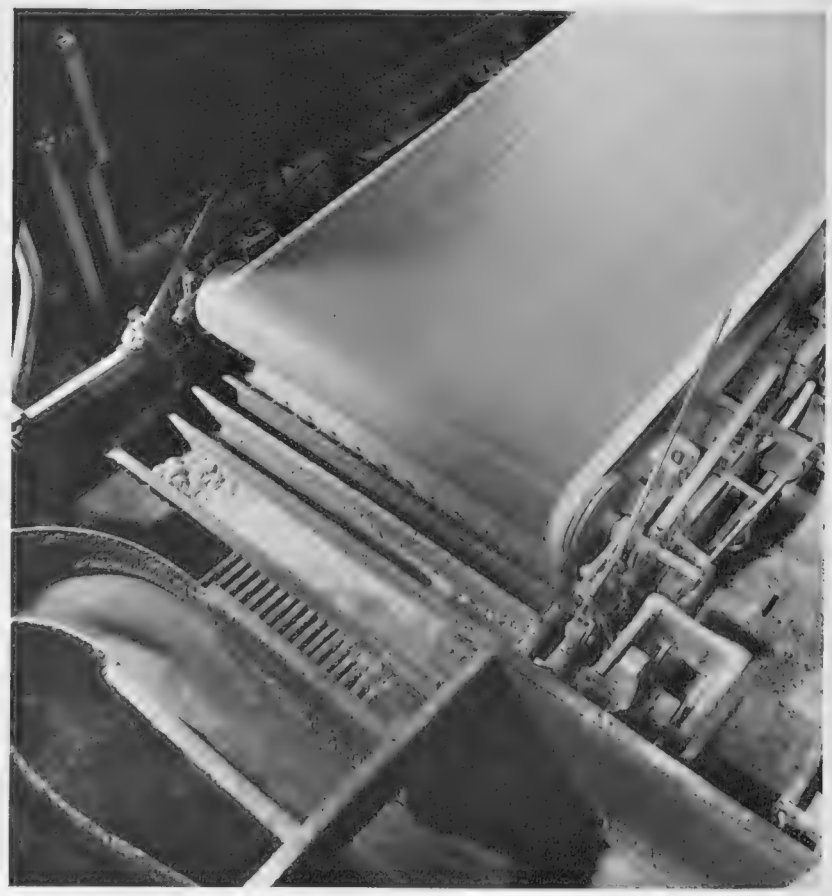
Work at the factories of Turners Asbestos Cement Co. Ltd.

Since asbestos cement was first produced in this country nearly 50 years ago the material has become widely known and used, and asbestos cement flat and corrugated sheets are a familiar sight on buildings, as are large diameter bitumen painted "EVERITE" pipes which are used in many water and drainage schemes throughout the country. Asbestos has many other uses, such as brake linings and as reinforcement in plastics. Turners Asbestos Cement Co. Ltd., with its six factories at Trafford Park, Widnes, Erith, Rhoose, Dalmuir and Tamworth, is the largest manufacturer of asbestos cement in Great Britain and one of the largest in the world. This week a seventh factory was opened by the Earl of Derby, M.C. on the Ditton Industrial Estate outside Widnes, Lancashire.

Asbestos is mined principally in Canada, South Africa and Rhodesia where the Turner and Newall Group, of which Turners Asbestos Cement Co. Ltd. is a member, has extensive mining interests. The fibres are found embedded in rock (usually serpentine) and run in horizontal veins through the rock with the fibres which are actually elongated crystals ranged more or less perpendicularly. The length of the fibres is determined by the depth of the vein and varies from one inch up to several inches. After crushing at the mine the fibres are shipped to this country in 120 lb. bags for processing at Turners' factories.

In the manufacture of asbestos cement the fibres are mixed with Portland cement. The fibres are made to form a net on which the minute particles of cement are allowed to settle to form a thin film. Skill in the manufacture of asbestos cement lies in the production of this

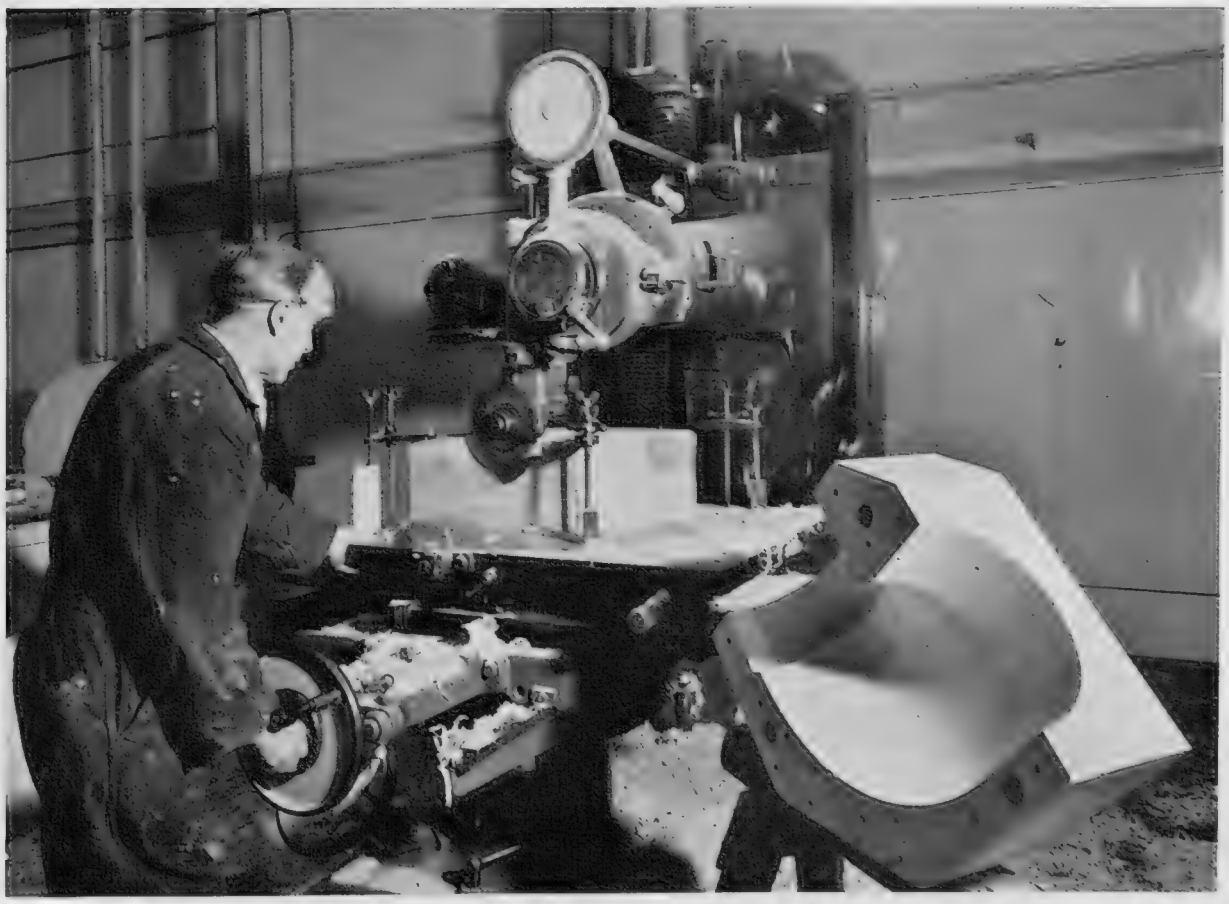
(*Continued on page 240*)



Forming the thin film consisting of the fibres of asbestos and minute particles of Portland cement during manufacture of asbestos cement

Checking the dimensions of an asbestos cement "Widnes" joint for use with large diameter pressure pipes

Hand-moulding a swan-neck section of a rain-water pipe



Consolidating the asbestos cement by means of a pneumatic gun during the moulding of a ridge ventilator. **Right:** Machining in the pattern-making shop. This is an integral part of this factory of Turners Asbestos Cement Co.

A pressure pipe leaves the machine on its forming mandrel

Two of the large cones used for filtering the water

ASBESTOS (*Continued from page 238*)

layer of asbestos and cement, since the fibres have to be positioned in such a way as to give the cement the maximum amount of reinforcement. Sheets are made by building up layer upon layer of the film to the required thickness, and asbestos cement pressure and sewerage pipes are made by winding the film round a mandrel to form a hollow pipe.

The new Turners factory at Ditton is designed for the flow production of moulded asbestos cement and is the largest such factory in Europe. It will initially employ some 250 people. Advantage has been taken in the layout of the factory of developments in production techniques and the factory has been designed to allow for further expansion, eventually giving employment to 800.

While asbestos cement mouldings such as gutters and ventilators have been made for many years, new techniques have been evolved which allow much larger mouldings to be undertaken. In its wet state—before the cement has hardened—asbestos cement is extremely plastic and this allows it to be moulded into a wide variety of shapes. In addition the material can be made to bond. An illustration of some of the new applications of moulded asbestos cement is the louvres on the new Manchester College of Science and Technology. Each louvre blade is 11 ft. high and weighs over 160 lb. The blades are made of ½-inch thick asbestos cement reinforced with nylon mesh and they have been designed to withstand gale force winds of over 100 m.p.h.

On a similar scale are the asbestos cement panels used in the construction of the 16-ft.-high fan stacks at the top of the cooling towers at Richard Thomas and Baldwin's new Spencer Works at Llanwern. Each fan stack is made up of a number of identical panels which were specially moulded, allowing the complete stacks to be prefabricated at the factory.

The possible applications of moulded asbestos cement are limitless. This material, in moulded form, has the same weathering capabilities and freedom from corrosion and deterioration as corrugated sheet.

Two illustrations of the uses of asbestos cement mouldings—specially-made louvres on the exterior of the Manchester College of Science and Technology and **right:** cooling tower fan stacks at Richard Thomas and Baldwin's newly opened Spencer Steelworks in Monmouthshire

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BRIGHT BATTERIES

By "THE SPHERE CITY" CORRESPONDENT

A major company whose profits have increased by more than 15 per cent. for each of the last ten years and whose shareholders have received a dividend increase in all but two of these years. This is the impressive record of Ever Ready, which dominates the British dry battery market. In the City, Ever Ready is now estimated to command about 85 per cent. of dry battery sales in this country, along with an important export trade through overseas factories, associates and some 100 sales offices. Behind Ever Ready's growth lies the 10 per cent. annual increase in dry battery output over recent years. Two principal stimulants have been the development of transistors, notably in radios, and the increasing trend towards miniaturisation. This trend has called for new battery techniques, for which Ever Ready have developed layer type products.

Since 1956 Ever Ready's assets have roughly doubled to more than £20,000,000, while trading profits have increased by almost as much, to some £4,000,000. Over these years more than an extra £10,000,000 has been employed in the business. More than half of these extra funds came from ploughed-back profits, while only £1,500,000 was raised in the form of new capital—in this case a loan stock issue.

As a matter of policy, Ever Ready withdrew from the car battery market before the war, but it is in this sector that Chloride Electrical Storage, one of their major competitors, retain an important stake. Chloride are best known for their " Exide," " Nife " and " Dagenite " batteries.

Chloride also have non-battery interests, notably in sanitary ware and plastics, which suffered from general economic stagnation in 1961. Earnings of the group as a whole have also tended to follow fluctuations in the motor vehicle industry: earnings held at more than £1 million from 1954 to 1956, fell sharply in the next two years, increased to some £1,500,000 in the following year, but have since declined to about £1,250,000. Despite these profit fluctuations Mr. A. W. Browne and his co-directors have maintained a steady dividend policy, with last year's rate 20 per cent. Speaking last spring, Mr. Browne warned shareholders that margins were still under pressure but the group turnover was ahead of the 1961 level.

Further impressive evidence of the buoyancy of firms supplying basic electrical components has come in Crompton Parkinson's 1962 results. For the tenth year running this group has reported a new record in profits, while shareholders receive a useful dividend increase to an effective 12 per cent. from 11·4 per cent. In the City it is believed that Crompton Parkinson's record reflects, first, the directors' cautious estimates of capital projects and, secondly, their wide spread of interests throughout a wide field of electrical goods. These range from transformers to fractional horse-power motors and include lamps and batteries. Profits have climbed steadily from just under £1 million, after tax, in 1955 to rather more than £1,250,000 in 1961-62.

Although large groups such as Ever Ready, Chloride Electrical Storage and Crompton Parkinson have the dominant stake in the basic electrical business, some smaller groups have developed electric batteries and ancillary products. Probably the best known is Vidor, whose recent profit record illustrates the problems facing smaller companies in the industry. Until recently a private company, Vidor has been taken over by Royston Industries, the London group of engineers. Details of this take-over show that Vidor made losses in several recent years. These losses resulted from previous decisions to stop production of radio and television sets, which meant larger overheads for the remaining business. Vidor have now closed their South Shields factory, and produced a new type of battery which will help provide some £140,000 of profits for the current year. Like the larger battery producers, Vidor should benefit from the increases in battery prices earlier this year.

American influence remains strong in Britain's battery industry—mainly because of American technological progress in this industry—but financial links have been modified over recent years. Until just after the war, there was a close association between Ever Ready and Union Carbide, the United States chemical group, but this was severed because of American anti-trust legislation. Similarly, the Electric Storage Battery Co. of the United States held an important stake in Chloride Electrical, but these shares were sold to British investors in the early 1950's. For investors, the case for buying a stake in the battery and allied industries lies in their outstanding growth performance over recent years, and the prospect that this will continue, at a possibly even faster rate.

Between Ever Ready and Chloride Electrical, the choice is nicely balanced between income and capital prospects. Ever Ready shares, with their outstanding growth history, offer barely 3 per cent. Chloride Electrical, with their less striking expansion record, offer close to 5 per cent. People who need current income will prefer Chloride, while those interested mainly in capital gain will choose Ever Ready. Shares in Crompton Parkinson perhaps offer a compromise: while yielding 4 per cent., they have shown consistently above-average profit increases for a number of years past.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The interesting experiment of Gastronomic Weekends at The Imperial, Torquay, of which I wrote last year, is to be resumed again during this winter. Four such weekends are being organised, in each case featuring a selected restaurant from a different part of France. Its patron and chef will be present and responsible for all the lunches and dinners from Friday to Sunday, including a Diner de Gala on the Saturday night. Regional specialities, accompanied by the appropriate wines, will be served throughout.

The series opens with the visit of the famous Château Trompette restaurant from Bordeaux on November 23, to be followed on January 25 by a Burgundy Weekend, on February 22 by a Champagne Weekend and on March 22 by an Anjou Weekend. In each case the hotel has the collaboration of an important wine concern, who will not only assist with the selection of the wines to be drunk with the meals, but will also stage a tasting for the weekenders. The hotel will accept bookings for the whole weekend including everything, and it is also possible to book for the individual meals, when the charges include all wines.

I am very much looking forward to the Bordeaux Weekend, for I know the visiting restaurant and its patron, in fact I had lunch there only a few weeks ago. M. Daney has all the attributes of a first-class restaurateur, his establishment is elegant and the service is impeccable. His integrity concerning cuisine and the presentation of food has made a great impression on me. This impression was gained first by eating at the Château Trompette and confirmed by conversation with him. I gather he is most anxious that the specialities to be presented at The Imperial should lose absolutely nothing of the authentic Bordelais character. The participation of the Bordeaux house of Sichel et Cie. will ensure the same quality as far as the wines are concerned.

A new venture has been launched recently by the Food Education Society, which claims to be the oldest in Britain devoted solely to the cause of good food, having been founded in 1908. It was a dinner at which all the guests were food and cookery writers and broadcasters, through whom it was hoped to reach British housewives. At other dinners, especially those given by gastronomic societies, the fare usually consists of dishes which need the skill of the highly-trained chef—in other words, the sort of food that is not too easy to prepare at home.

On this occasion everything was simple and easy to make, and all the ingredients were such as can be bought by most people anywhere. The hors-d'œuvre consisted of prawns, kipper fillets, sliced liver sausage, tomato salad, cubes of melon wrapped in smoked, raw ham (Parma type), grated carrots, apple, and finely shredded celery, cucumber, onion and red peppers, chopped and mixed, cooked flakes of smoked haddock in mayonnaise with chopped parsley and kipper fillets. It looked colourful, and appetising. The main dish of " home made " veal pie included mushrooms stewed in butter, green beans and jacket potatoes. The pudding was apple snow, followed by a selection of English cheeses. A well balanced enjoyable meal well within the capabilities of anyone and yet quite suitable for dishing up to one's guests.

An unusual feature of the dinner was that the menu not only gave the fullest details of every course, but also the exact cost of each ingredient, based on normal shop or market prices. It had been worked out for the quantities required for four persons, and the total cost was 26s. 9d., making it 6s. 6d. a head. This, I thought, was remarkably good value. It was further pointed out by one of the organisers that out of the total a relatively high proportion, 11s. 3d., represented the hors-d'œuvre, and a considerable saving might have been made by a thrifty housewife by substituting a wholesome and inexpensive soup—not tinned, but home-made. The " experts " present were asked to make comments on the event, and while several of them raised minor objections (some of them not entirely aware of the educational value of such a venture), it was found on balance that the venture should be continued.

My own reaction was that the effort is well worth while, for so often poor food is the result of ignorance. I can also see another cause, however, and that is the much too frequently found indifferent attitude to food. It is to a large extent this lack of interest that can be blamed for many poor meals. To get good results a certain amount of trouble has to be taken by the cook, and with so many other distractions available today only the cook who herself loves food, or is at least interested, is willing to take this trouble. For this reason, I made the suggestion that the efforts of the Food Education Society in their good work should take two forms. Those who are interested will reap the benefit of being shown what can be done by such concrete examples as the dinner I have described. This is important and useful, but in a way the society will be preaching to those already converted, and their fine efforts will not reach the " hard cases," those who have not yet developed sufficient interest in food.

A mighty offensive should be mounted by this worthy organisation to spread the love and appreciation of good food, and this will build up a receptive and interested mass-audience. This way the dissemination of practical advice, which should become the second phase of the campaign, would thrive on much more fertile ground. Anyone can support this society by becoming a member at a small subscription.

Professor Arthur Goodhart addresses the conference of the Inisttute of Directors. On the platform are the Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of York and Dr. Beeching

Major-General Sir Edward Spears, the Chairman of the Institute of Directors, and Lord Chandos, its President. **Right:** Mr. J. H. Thomson and Mr. Harold Drayton

General Sir John Evetts and Sir Reginald Verdon Smith. **Right:** Colonel V. A. J. Heald and Mr. R. S. Hargreaves

GATHERING OF THE DIRECTORS

For the annual conference of the Institute of Directors, held last week and attended by 5,000 directors, there was a distinguished list of speakers. The Duke of Edinburgh spoke of his award scheme, in which he said that only 74 companies were at present actively engaged, and made a strong plea for more participation. " Running the scheme was a public voluntary service which could be performed by companies." Other speakers ranged across a wide number of topics—Lord Home on the Cuba and Indo-China crises; Lord Chandos on the Common Market and the vital importance to Britain of European markets; and Dr. Coggan, Archbishop of York, on the prevalence of obscene literature.

The speech at the conference which made the headlines was that of Dr. Beeching, chairman of the British Transport Commission, in which he made a detailed assessment of Britain's railway system. He spoke in optimistic terms about " prospects of operating a system which will carry a greater total traffic than at present and which will flourish financially while doing so." The main point was the future of railway freight services which were to be reorganised—by replacing the system of individual wagon loads with long transit times by regular scheduled services. It was hoped that by this means it would be possible to attract many millions of tons of freight at present going by road.

Mr. Whitney Straight and Viscount Caldecote

Mr. W. Sharland and Mr. A. Read

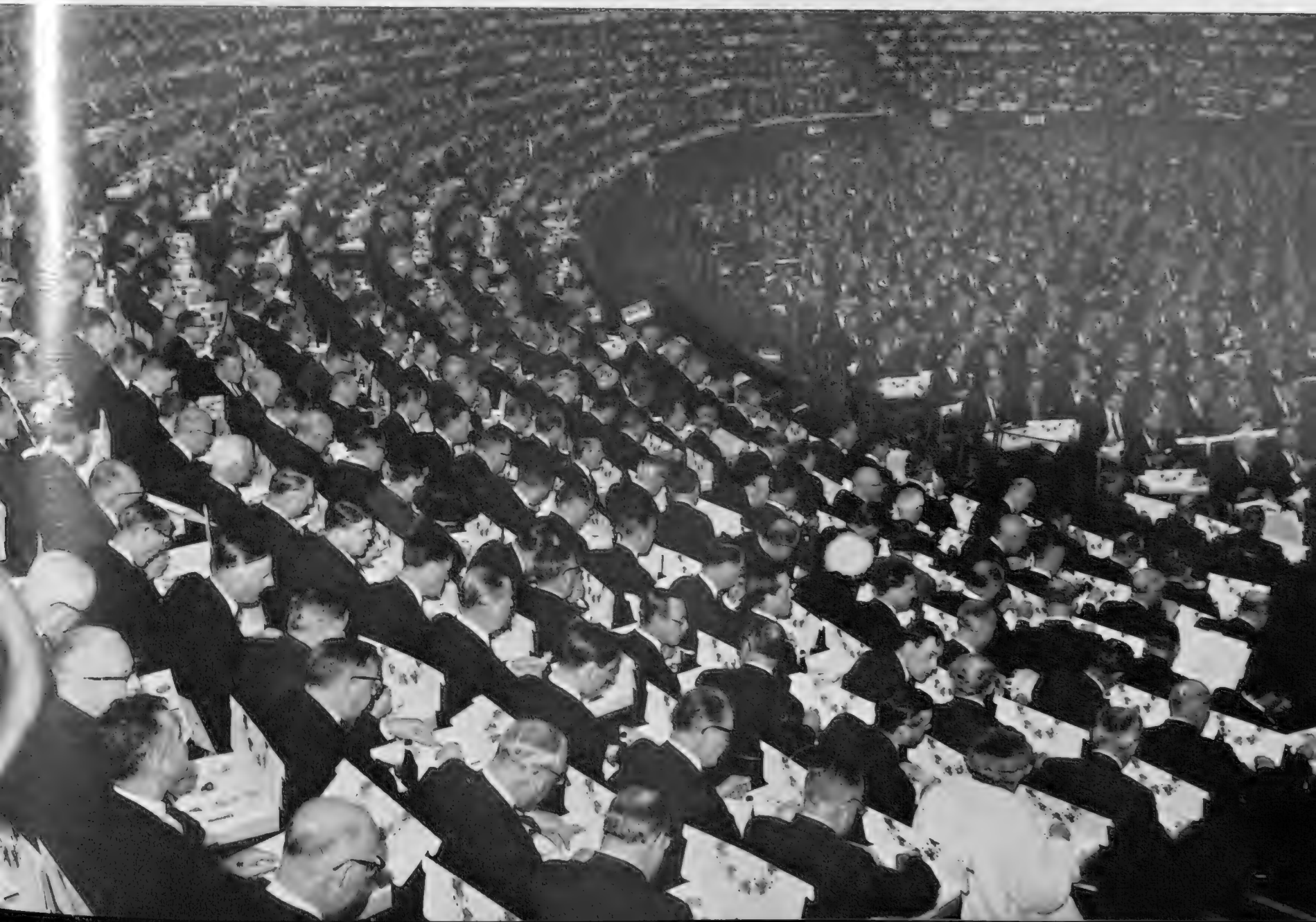
Sir Nicholas Cayzer, Sir Richard Burbidge, Col. Whitbread

r Hugh Beaver and Sir Edwin Herbert

Mr. R. Tilney and Lord Tenby

Sir John Hunt, Mr. N. G. Bassett Smith and Col. Heald

view of the conference, held at the Albert Hall in London, as the 5,000 directors eat their packed lunches



MOTORING

"BLUEBIRD" PREPARES

Cycle and motor-cycle show at Earls Court; thoughts on the Common Market

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The new *Bluebird* turbocar with which Donald Campbell hopes to beat the late John Cobb's 15-year-old land speed record of 394.2 m.p.h. will be shipped from England to Australia on January 3. In London the other day, Mr. Campbell told me he thinks the new *Bluebird* is capable of attaining the highest speed possible with a wheeled vehicle. If he succeeds in pushing the record to around the 500 m.p.h. mark it might stand for all time. The *Bluebird* project has cost £1,500,000 over a period of five years. It was built—and rebuilt—co-operatively by 72 British firms, the chief sponsors being British Petroleum, the Rubery-Owen Organisation (of which Sir Alfred Owen, the B.R.M. patron, is chief), Dunlop, Lucas, David Brown and Tube Investments.

With four-wheel drive, no clutch and no gearbox, *Bluebird* is powered by a Bristol-Siddeley Proteus gas turbine which develops 4,250 b.h.p. The braking effort needed to stop it within 60 seconds from speeds of between 450 and 500 m.p.h. is equivalent to that required to stop 400 fully loaded family saloons from 40 m.p.h.

The car was designed by Ken and Lewis Norris and there is a third brother—Eric—who helps on the accountancy side. It was in 1960 that Campbell crashed at 360 m.p.h. Bluebird hit some wet sand on the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, was airborne for 1,000 feet and rolled over and over. Campbell was seriously injured but while he was still in hospital the *Bluebird* sponsors showed their faith in both *Bluebird* and Campbell by deciding to have the car rebuilt and take another crack at the record.

The new attempt is timed for late April or early May on Australia's remote Lake Eyre, 500 miles north-west of Adelaide. Salt rocks and hillocks will have to be cleared to provide a smooth track some 18 miles long and 1½ miles wide. In February *Bluebird* will be on show in the British pavilion at the Melbourne International Trade Fair. With it will be the jet-propelled boat in which Campbell set up the existing world water speed record of 260·35 m.p.h. on Coniston Water in 1959.

A photo-montage of Donald Campbell's *Bluebird*

Which reminds me that at London's international cycle and motor-cycle show which opens at Earls Court this weekend one of many special attractions will be the British-built Triumph motor-cycle, which holds the present world motor-cycle land speed record of 224·57 m.p.h. This was established on the Bonneville Salt Flats last August by 38-year-old Bill Johnson, a Californian lorry driver.

For this show Earls Court will be attractively laid out to represent the English countryside, with avenues of trees, open fields (on which the cycles and motor-cycles will be displayed instead of on those dreary stands), and an impression of sunshine from a clear blue sky. Many motorists today run three-wheelers or scooters in addition to the family saloon, and a large number of car owners are expected to visit the show. They should make a point of seeing the three-wheel Bond estate car, announced last June and making its first Show appearance. The makers claim it to be the world's first tricycle station wagon. It can carry two adults, two children and luggage. With the back seat folded it is capable of hauling a 4 cwt. load in 42 cub. ft. of compartment space. It costs £395, including purchase tax, and the tax is only £6 a year.

Mr. George Farmer, one of the Rover Co.'s top men, has done a sterling job as this year's president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. During the Motor Show he proved an eloquent and persuasive spokesman for the industry, interpreting its problems with common sense, clarity and dignity. One subject on which he was particularly effective was the Common Market. He seemed confident that Britain will join, and at the Motor Agents' Association dinner he observed that when we did we shall become part of an enormous home market of 250 million people, which is much bigger than the population of the United States.

"Let us look forward to the new era with enthusiasm," he urged. "Some of us may get hurt, particularly if we don't keep ourselves efficient and up to date. But this, we know, will happen anyway, whether or not we go into the Common Market." Mr. Farmer maintained that the Government should free the motor industry and the motoring public of the present devastating uncertainty about purchase tax. It should be brought down to a reasonable level, he said, and the Government should be content to limit its use of the industry as an "economic regulator" to the margin of 10 per cent. up or down which the Chancellor had made provision for.

Purchase tax uncertainty is largely responsible for the fact that car sales in Britain in the first eight months of the year have steadily declined over the past three years, like this: 1960, 606,055; 1961, 572,000; 1962, 567,000.

B.M.C., Ford, Vauxhall and the Rootes Group all did well in the coachwork competition organised in connection with the Motor Show by the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers. B.M.C. gained gold medals for their Morris Mini-Minor saloon, Vanden Plas Princess, Austin Healey 3000 sports car and their Austin A60 utility model. Ford were awarded gold medals for their new Cortina saloon, Anglia estate car and Zodiac estate car.

The models which secured gold medals for Vauxhall were the de luxe Victor saloon, the Victor VX 4/90 and the Cresta saloon. The Humber Hawk saloon, Hillman Super Minx convertible and Sunbeam Alpine sports two-seater brought gold medals for the Rootes Group. Other winners of this top award in the various classes were Mulliner-Park Ward (Rolls-Royce Phantom V and the "Flying Spur" and drophead coupé versions of the Bentley Continental); Jaguar (the new 2½-litre, V-8 Daimler and the Jaguar Mark X); and Alvis (two-door saloon).

All who visited the Motor Show will agree that the new range of British sports cars was particularly impressive. Most of them have lost the stark, "hairy" characteristics so greatly loved by the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts. They are much more comfortable, with softer springing, resilient seats, wind-up windows, heaters and water-tight hoods.

The famous Italian firm of Alfa Romeo, probably with the Common Market in mind, and also with an appreciation of the extent to which good sports cars are popular in Britain, is out to sell more of its own products in the U.K. It is forming a new, wholly-owned subsidiary—Alfa Romeo (Great Britain) Ltd.—to set up a network of sales, service and spare parts depots in Britain.

It has also decided to build right-hand drive versions of its 2600 models (saloon, Spider and Sprint) and its 1600 models (T.I. saloon, Spider and Sprint). The pretty little Giulietta T.I. 1300 is already available with the steering wheel on the right. Delivery of these right-hand drive models is planned to start next spring. Alfa is building a big new factory at Arese, near Milan. It is nearly five times the size of the existing works of the firm.

I have news of two British organisations whose sole object is to encourage British motorists to drive better and take a real pride in how they handle their cars. The Institute of Advanced Motorists has, since it started, conducted 63,995 tests and admitted 34,489 members. When last I inquired, the actual membership was 32,287, a number of members having died, resigned or suffered expulsion after conviction for serious motoring offences.

The British School of Motoring's High Performance Club has added a Swedish Saab 96 to its fleet of cars and has engaged Eric Carlsson, Saab's chief tester and famous rally driver, as its Continental consultant. Carlsson has won many important rallies in this remarkable car, which has front-wheel drive and a 3-cylinder 2-stroke engine.

I am taking the High Performance course myself, as a prelude to the R.A.C. international rally, in which I am competing in a modified Ford Anglia. I am hoping the high-speed driving which is a feature of this popular course and the practice I shall get on the B.S.M.'s skid track at Brands Hatch will stand me in good stead during the rally.

A rear view of *Bluebird*, which will attempt the World Land Speed Record next year

The 1600-c.c. Alfa Romeo Giulia Sprint

The Fairthorpe Rockette, a sports two-seater with a plastic body, powered by the 6-cylinder, 1·6-litre engine of the Triumph Vitesse. Price £998

Why Remy Martin has no stars on its label

No brandy of lesser quality than Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Hence no grading by stars. The question does not arise. All you need remember is to ask for Remy Martin. In return you enjoy a superior cognac of liqueur quality. For Remy Martin *make nothing less good*. In a word, Remy Martin cater for the one man in a hundred who prefers to compliment his palate—and his guests—with brandy as good as Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Just ask for Remy Martin.

PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

MORE PEOPLE ENJOY IT—that's why it's Britain's largest selling 'Scotch'

Haig in every Home

for Christmas and New Year!

SEASONAL HINT:
Mix in a wineglassful of Haig when making your Christmas puddings, mincemeat and cakes. It gives them an additional delicious flavour.

HAIG
'GOLD LABEL'

Bottles	41/6
Half Flasks	21/9
Quarter Flasks	11/2
Miniatures	4/3

Don't be vague—Ask for Haig

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE
AT YOUR 'LOCAL', AT OFF-LICENCES AND ALL WINE & SPIRIT STORES

Great Writers...

John Milton (1608-74) from a portrait by 19th Century artist Wm. Holl.

England's great epic poet, Milton, helped to build our heritage of great writers. His "Paradise Lost" is the finest poem of its kind in any language. Instrumental, today, in building a new heritage of "great writers", Life-long Propelling Pencils are fine quality products of precision-made elegance—and carry the well known life-long guarantee.

In 9 ct. or rolled gold, sterling or nickel silver, from leading Jewellers and Stationers.

From 17/3 to £10. 1. 3.

Life-Long
PROPELLING PENCILS
BCM/LIFELONG, LONDON W.C.1.

London's leading photographic agency

L.E.A.

provides photographs, artwork and colour transparencies for advertising commercial and editorial use

L.E.A. stock many thousands of photographs covering the following subjects: Child and Adult studies, Natural History, Views, Agriculture, Ballet, Theatre Personalities and Animals. L.E.A. are also agents for leading artists, in specialised fields including G. H. Davis, Dennis Flanders, C. E. Turner and J. Millar Watt.

For further details please write or telephone: The London Electrotype Agency Ltd. Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London W.C.2. Tel: Trafalgar 7020

BIRD BRAND

← The "DUMPY" Dual purpose Hod

This new Hod has all the well-known Bird Brand features, including triple reinforcement at the shovel mouth and double at the base, it has a movable handle and is beautifully balanced. Make sure you ask your Ironmonger for a Bird Brand "Dumpy," it is a dual purpose Hod for either open or solid fuel fires. 6 hammered colours or galvanized, and carries a written guarantee.

Price 23/5

The well-known Bird Brand "Standard" Hod is also available at **26/9.**

DESIGNED FOR HARD WORK

TOWN HOUSES FOR SALE

DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S S.W.1.

Period Style Exterior
Brand-new Traditional Decor
TWO ENTIRELY SELF-CONTAINED MAISONETTES
Each of 3 rooms, kitchen and bathroom

Alternatively

AS A SINGLE SIX-ROOMED RESIDENCE

Price **£12,750** Leasehold

Apply :—

Talbot City Properties Ltd., 18 Upper Brook Street, W.1. May 5855

WOULD YOU? Of course you would, if you could. And you can—through The Save the Children Fund.

You will be glad to know that the little boy in this picture is now a happy, well-fed youngster, but there are still thousands of children in pain and misery who have yet to be brought into a world of brightness and hope—with your help.

For more than forty years the dedicated field workers, doctors and nurses of SCF have been carrying out crash programmes of Emergency Relief in the changing trouble-spots of the world, bringing food and comfort to helpless starving children. And the work does not, cannot, stop there. A happy, well-fed child still needs help. Emergency Relief must be followed up with long-term Welfare and Education. Not until the once helpless child has been placed firmly on the road to achieving his full rights as a future World Citizen can SCF workers say—"Your money has been well spent!"

Will you buy a little happiness for a child? Please send whatever you can—pounds, shillings or pence.

THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND
Patron: H.M. THE QUEEN

THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND is working with the FREEDOM FROM HUNGER CAMPAIGN

send whatever you can today

to: The Save the Children Fund
12, Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1

I enclose a donation to the Fund of..... £ s. d.

NAME.....(Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)
BLOCK CAPITALS THROUGHOUT

ADDRESS.....

U45

A bright outlook on a grey day...

A NEW MOSS BROS OVERCOAT

This Raglan £26.0.0
Velvet collar to tone £2.17.6 *extra*

Moss Bros

COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Open Thursdays till 7 p.m.
Nearest station Leicester Square.
Branches throughout the country.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS
HEATHLANDS HOTEL
EAST CLIFF
In the top flight of good family hotels with every comfort for every age. Varied, interesting menus. Large car park.
Brochure from S. P. Sindall, Resident Director. Tel.: 23336.

BOURNEMOUTH. ROYAL BATH HOTEL***
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Christmas and New Year Festivities.
Tel.: 25555.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
In key position for sea, shops and shows. Central heating in every room. Private baths, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, Billiards, Games Room, Ballroom. Special Winter terms for a long stay. Telephone: Westbourne 63333.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL
A.A.*** 70 rooms. In the lee of the Leas. Central and sheltered. Attractive residential, holiday or B.B. terms. Fully licensed. Tel.: 52850.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Warm and comfortable all winter through. Sea-front position with suites and private bathrooms. Sundeck Lounge, billiards, TV, lift. Unvarying standards of cuisine and service whatever the month. Own golf course.
Tel.: 67441.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
For a memorable holiday in modern sea-front comfort. Four-star cuisine and entertainment. Cocktail Bar, Ballroom. Free Golf. Tel.: 77544.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT
(with acknowledgments to the B.B.C.)
On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, the famous and infamous, the extraordinary and the ordinary, come to London—for they are the best three days and nights of the week. More room in the shops; easier to get seats for a show and less traffic in the streets. Why not come up yourself?
STANHOPE COURT HOTEL
STANHOPE GARDENS, S.W.7.
FRO. 2161
or one of the eight North Group of London hotels, all situated in South Kensington within strolling distance of Underground and overground public transport services, offer attractive accommodation with meals from Friday lunch to Monday morning breakfast, at special week-end rates. For a list of hotels in the Group and Tariffs (from 30s. a night B. & B. and moderate inclusive terms, they represent the best value in London), write to Miss F. Fry, M. F. North Ltd., 14, Cromwell Place, S.W.7. (Kensington 1212.)

LONDON, W.2. LEINSTER GARDENS. LEINSTER COURT
A quiet, friendly hotel for overseas, provincial and business visitors. Close Hyde Park and Oxford Street. Tel.: Paddington 6088.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel.: 6245.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
First-class, fine sea-front position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 1555.

LUXURY
A word that is often over-used. Luxury flats, luxury cruises, luxury tours. Views differ on what constitutes luxury, but if the lap of luxury indicates utter contentment then you might well consider
THE GRAND TORQUAY
The luxury of breakfasting each morning in a sunny, well-appointed bedroom over Torbay, the luxury of not having to think about to-morrow's menus, the luxury of doing what you want and when the mood decides.
Always a good address . . . for leisured luxury.
Tel.: 25234.

WESTONBIRT, Nr. TETBURY, GLOS. HARE & HOUNDS
An aristocrat among Cotswold Hotels for comfort, service. Tennis, Squash, Golf and famous Arboretum adjoining. Near Wild Fowl Trust. Tel.: 233.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting golf course, tennis, squash, bowls, billiards, dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Tel.: Weybridge 4242.

WE HAVE BROKEN OUR LEG. Whether it was my wife or myself is immaterial, for being in joint harness we have both been immobilised!

Now that we are beginning to get around again, we are faced with the same problem that has so often been put to us—the finding of good hotels where there is no difficulty of entrance or exit, a ground floor bedroom and toilet or a lift and level corridors.

Sallying forth on a recent Sunday, fortified by faith, hope and plenty of sympathy (every other person we met seemed to have broken a leg at one time or another!), we debated en route where we could stop for luncheon without having to face up to a crowded dining-room. Apart from self-consciousness, we wanted to be able to park our crutches and disabled leg without a waiter or waitress tripping over them and so breaking one of their limbs.

Passing through Lewes, we remembered the *Ringmer Hotel* in the village of that name, a bare three miles out on the Hastings-Heathfield road. Our memory did not let us down—a level entrance, cloakroom, restaurant and cocktail lounge on the level and plenty of elbow *and leg* room in the handsome restaurant.

Though it was after 2 p.m. when we arrived, there was no suggestion about being too late for lunch. Both kitchen and dining-room staff treated our late entry as something to be encouraged rather than suppressed. Cooking, presentation and service were faultless, and so grateful were we for our experience that momentarily we forgot our crutches!

Our planned destination for three nights was *Cooden Beach Hotel*, near Bexhill, where there is a series of five bedrooms, bath and toilet on the ground floor. The odd step or two en route to the dining-room proved no deterrent. On the contrary, they provided a useful exercise in crutch drill precision.

The next day, encouraged by our luncheon experience at Ringmer, we visited for our midday meal *White Friars* at Boreham Street, near Herstmonceux, where, additional to the now well-known buttery and bar below stairs, there is a charming eighteenth-century dining-room on ground-floor level. Here we were offered, as at Ringmer (an associate hotel), a comprehensive *table d'hôte* or *à la carte* menu, and enjoyed similar quality standards in presentation and service.

Both hotels provide a mellow country-house atmosphere and can be well recommended during the coming winter months for weekend or longer breaks from everyday routine.

The following day we paid a luncheon visit to yet another delightful country house, *Dean's Place Hotel*, Alfriston, in East Sussex.

In 1961 a young and experienced hotelier, Mr. T. H. Brewster, acquired it and it is now actively run by himself and his wife. Progressive in outlook, they were quick to see that if they were to succeed they must not only keep open (unlike their predecessors) all the year but increase their bedroom, bathroom and restaurant accommodation.

All this has now come to fruition and we were delighted with this eight-bedroom battery of new rooms, all with private bathroom and *all on ground-floor level.*

Our lunch was as we hoped it would be, well cooked, pleasantly served, the policy of the Brewsters being to offer a limited choice, and therefore maximum attention in the kitchens, to ensure the best results.

Homeward-bound the next day, as we were running late and had a series of good meals behind us, fresh-cut sandwiches and ale were all we needed. Stopping at an hotel, which shall be nameless, one of us walked into the saloon bar to inquire. The bar was empty, but our eyes were gladdened by a notice above the fire-place—"Fresh cut sandwiches to order." The barmaid, completely disinterested, said she did not think they could be done and returned triumphantly to say, "I was right. Chef says he is too busy on luncheons." So we moved out and on, only sorry we omitted to take out the notice on fresh-cut sandwiches under our arm.

By the time these lines appear in print, we shall hope to have spent a long weekend in and around Bournemouth and the New Forest, an area we always have enjoyed in autumn and spring. We should have no trouble with our injured limb, though a few of our recommendations thereabouts must, for the time being, be side-tracked because of awkward approaches.

We shall choose, subject to accommodation being available, from one of the following:

Royal Bath: 110 bedrooms, including 24 on ground floor, some with french doors leading out on to a sheltered garden. Also lift. Tel.: 25555.

Carlton Hotel: 150 bedrooms, with some on ground floor. Lift to all floors, level corridors and a 24-hour room service. Tel.: 22011.

Both the above are in the "top drawer" class.

We shall also be well looked after at the following, in varying lower price ranges:

East Cliff Court Hotel: Next door neighbour and now under the same direction as the Carlton; 76 bedrooms, two on ground floor and two lifts.

Bourne Hall Hotel: 93 bedrooms, with 16 on ground floor, and lift. Wide corridors also make this a good base for wheel chairs. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

Cliff End Hotel: A 29-bedroomed hotel, with 6 on ground floor, also lift. The hotel faces on to Boscombe Gardens. Tel.: 34432.

Hotel Courtlands, Boscombe: 55 bedrooms, with 6 on ground floor, also lift. A pleasing location in own grounds overlooking sea. Tel.: 33070.

Heathlands, East Cliff: 104 bedrooms, 10 on ground floor, and lift. Its level situation makes it specially eligible as East Cliff and the hotel grounds all make for crutch, stick or wheelchair promenading. Tel.: 23336.

Linden Hall Hotel: 102 bedrooms, with 5 on ground floor. Lift. Originally a hydro, the whole layout of the hotel lends itself for disabilities and the staff, many of them long service, are inspired in giving helpful service.

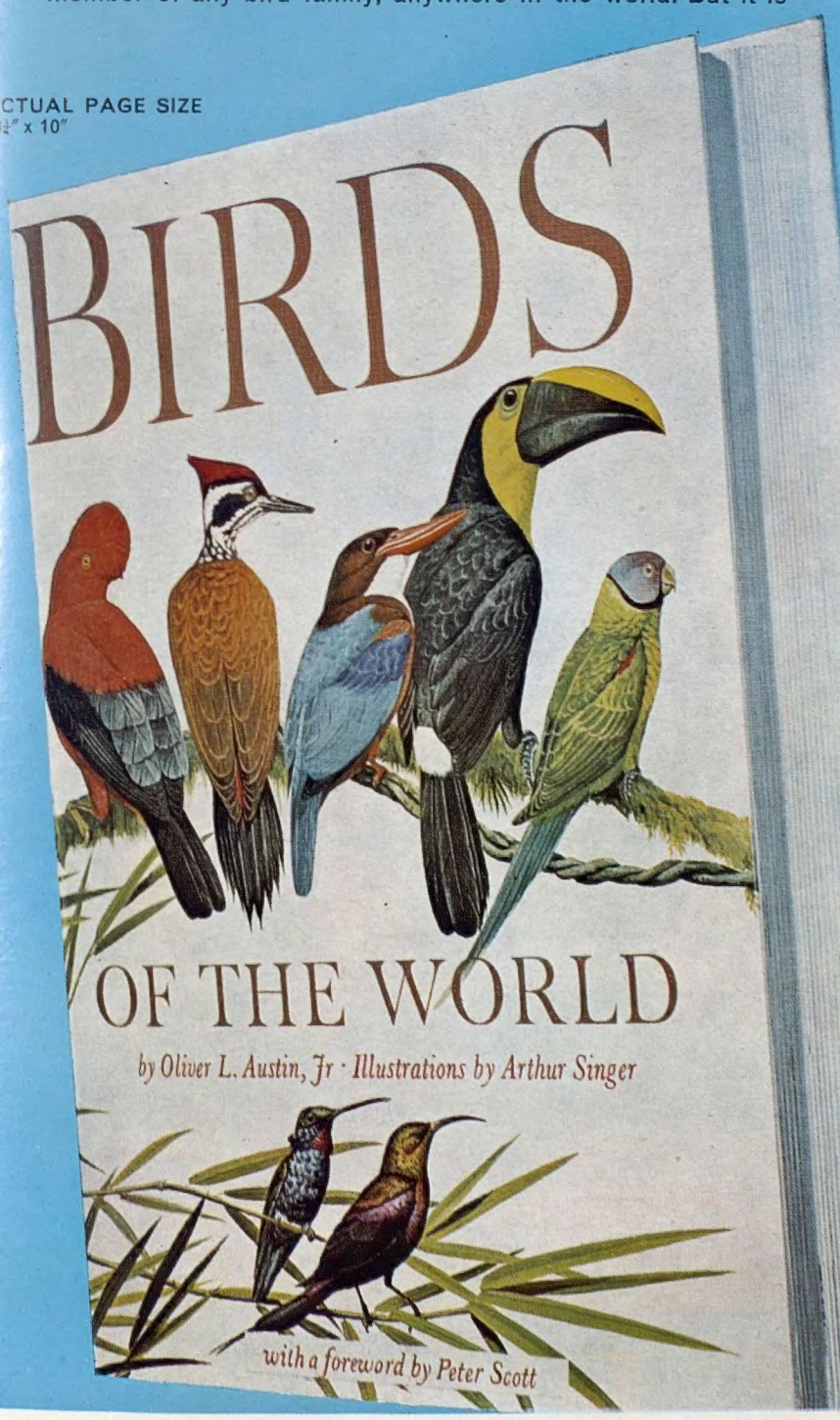
All the above have a high proportion of private bathrooms. We shall hope to report again on our return.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELLIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

SPECIAL OFFER
to all readers

The most beautiful bird book published for a century

There has not been a book for birdlovers like this since the publication of Audubon's prints more than 100 years ago.
Spectacularly beautiful, irresistibly readable, here is a complete, authoritative guide to *all the bird families of the world.* 700 birds painted in full colour are matched with a text that packs in the latest information on every species.
Parrots, penguins, swifts, chickadees, toucans, cuckoos, swans, puffbirds, nuthatches, hawks, starlings, flamingos—at least one species from every family is shown (in flight or sitting, male and female) and most of the currently-recognised sub-families, too.
The paintings, by Arthur Singer, fill page after page with exotic colours, yet maintain an accuracy that is flawless to the smallest flight feather. The text, by Dr. Oliver L. Austin of the Florida State Museum, not only discusses the distribution of bird families, their mutual relationships, and their evolution, but describes in detail their anatomical characteristics, behaviour patterns, and feeding and nesting habits.
Nothing more is needed to enable you to identify on sight a member of any bird family, anywhere in the world. But it is the sheer scope of the book, the world-wide breadth of vision it represents, that will make the deepest impression of all. Five years in preparation, it is the best and most beautiful volume of its kind to be published in our times.



World-Wide Interest

Already hundreds of thousands of orders have been received. Because of this, the total production has been large enough to bring the price far below what would normally be expected for a book with 300 full colour pages, and it is available for only £4.4.0. (plus 3s. 6d. postage and packing). Reserve your copy while stocks last. No reprinting is possible this year.

ORNATE HAWK EAGLE

Peter Scott writes:
'I cannot imagine anyone with even the slightest interest in birds remaining unexcited as he turns the pages of this book.'

Every bird family there is—painted in glowing colours and described by one of the world's greatest ornithologists.

Take advantage of this superb offer now

It is open for a limited time only. You can reserve your copy of BIRDS OF THE WORLD simply by sending your name and address to Dept. **BS.2** Heron Books Ltd, 115 Bayham Street, London, N.W.1, enclosing £4. 7. 6d. (this includes 3/6 packing and postage). A copy will be sent to you as soon as it is ready. Should you be disappointed with it, you can return it in unmarked condition within 10 days, and your money will be refunded in full.

THE SPHERE
NOVEMBER 10, 1962

TIO PEPE

SHERRY

THE SHERRY OF SPAIN

22/6 per bottle

★ DIAMOND JUBILEE

To those who appreciate the qualities of a full-bodied sweet sherry, Diamond Jubilee promises the utmost satisfaction at a popular price. Judge for yourself—compare its cost and quality with *any* other cream sherry.

16/- per bottle

★ CREMA

So exquisitely rich and smooth—an excellent dessert sherry. Crema has graced the tables of dignified homes throughout the world, bringing a most delicate pleasure to both connoisseur and the less experienced imbiber.

22/6 per bottle

★ ROSA

A full-bodied, medium Amontillado, possessing the most perfect balance of delicacy, smoothness and age. Fine, yet subtly rounded, the distinctive nutty flavour of Rosa places it among the most popular of all sherries.

16/- per bottle

GONZALEZ BYASS